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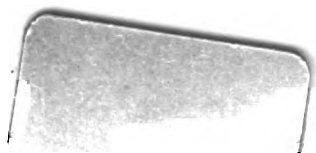
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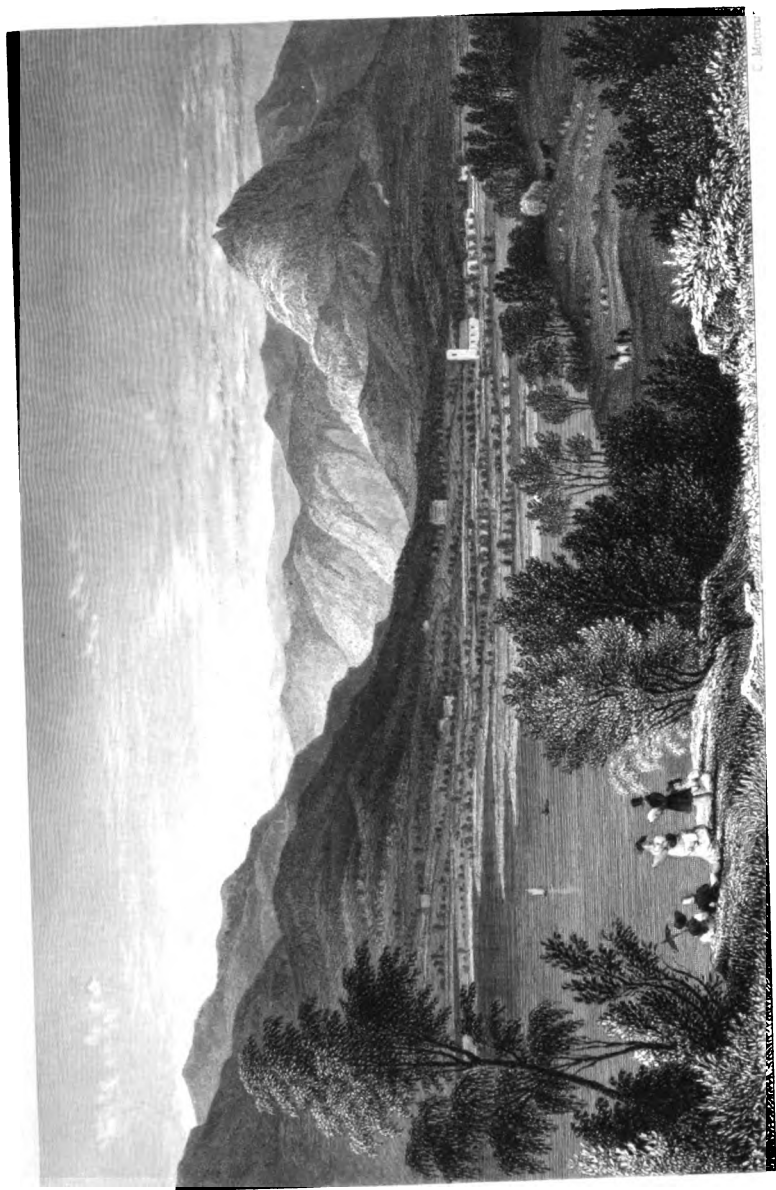
*The spirit of the age:
or, Contemporary portraits ...*

William Hazlitt

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Front Vol 2



THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE OR CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS

ANONYMOUS FIRST EDITION LONDON 1825

CANDID CRITICISM BY WM. HAZLITT OF
CERTAIN CELEBRATED AUTHORS IN A
SERIES OF PERTINENT ESSAYS

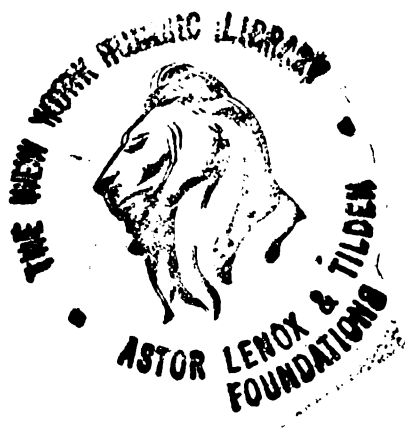
EXTENDED TO TWO VOLUMES BY THE INSERTION OF
TWO HUNDRED AND TWELVE PRINTS FROM THE
COLLECTION OF JAMES B. GOODMAN

VOLUME SECOND



EXTRA ILLUSTRATED: CHICAGO

1902



Spirit of the Law
Vol. 1

MR. WORDSWORTH.



Painted by W. Bozall.

Engraved by J. Smith.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Wm Wordsworth

London: Printed by J. Smith.

Spirit

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MR. WORDSWORTH.

MR. WORDSWORTH'S genius is a pure emanation of the Spirit of the Age. Had he lived in any other period of the world, he would never have been heard of. As it is, he has some difficulty to contend with, the hebetude of his intellect, and the meanness of his subject. With him "lowliness is young ambition's ladder:" but he finds it a toil to climb in this way the steep of Fame. His homely Muse can hardly raise her wing from the ground, nor spread her hidden glories to the sun. He has "no figures nor no fantasies, which busy *passion* draws in the brains of men:" neither the gorgeous machinery of mythologic lore, nor the splendid colours of poetic diction. His style is vernacular: he delivers household truths. He sees nothing

loftier than human hopes ; nothing deeper than the human heart. This he probes, this he tampers with, this he poises, with all its incalculable weight of thought and feeling, in his hands ; and at the same time calms the throbbing pulses of his own heart, by keeping his eye ever fixed on the face of nature. If he can make the life-blood flow from the wounded breast, this is the living colouring with which he paints his verse : if he can assuage the pain or close up the wound with the balm of solitary musing, or the healing powers of plants and herbs and “ skyey influences,” this is the sole triumph of his art. He takes the simplest elements of nature and of the human mind, the mere abstract conditions inseparable from our being, and tries to compound a new system of poetry from them ; and has perhaps succeeded as well as any one could. “ *Nihil humani a me alienum puto*”—is the motto of his works. He thinks nothing low or indifferent of which this can be affirmed : every thing that professes to be more than this, that is not an absolute essence of truth and feeling, he holds to be vitiated, falsé, and spurious. In a word, his poetry is founded on setting up an opposition (and pushing it to the utmost length) between the natural and the artificial : between

the spirit of humanity, and the spirit of fashion and of the world!

It is one of the innovations of the time. It partakes of, and is carried along with, the revolutionary movement of our age: the political changes of the day were the model on which he formed and conducted his poetical experiments. His Muse (it cannot be denied, and without this we cannot explain its character at all) is a levelling one. It proceeds on a principle of equality, and strives ~~to reduce~~ all things to the same standard. It is distinguished by a proud humility. It relies upon its own resources, and disdains external shew and relief. It takes the commonest events and objects, as a test to prove that nature is always interesting from its inherent truth and beauty, without any of the ornaments of dress or pomp of circumstances to set it off. Hence the unaccountable mixture of seeming simplicity and real abstruseness in the *Lyrical Ballads*. Fools have laughed at, wise men scarcely understand them. He takes a subject or a story merely as pegs or loops to hang thought and feeling on; the incidents are trifling, in proportion to his contempt for imposing appearances; the reflections are profound, according to the gravity and the aspiring pretensions of his mind.

His popular, inartificial style gets rid (at a blow) of all the trappings of verse, of all the high places of poetry: "the cloud-capt towers, the solemn temples, the gorgeous palaces," are swept to the ground, and "like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind." All the traditions of learning, all the superstitions of age, are obliterated and effaced. We begin *de novo*, on a *tabula rasa* of poetry. The purple pall, the nodding plume of tragedy are exploded as mere pantomime and trick, to return to the simplicity of truth and nature. Kings, queens, priests, nobles, the altar and the throne, the distinctions of rank, birth, wealth, power, "the judge's robe, the marshal's truncheon, the ceremony that to great ones 'longs," are not to be found here. The author tramples on the pride of art with greater pride. The Ode and Epode, the Strophe and the Antistrophe, he laughs to scorn. The harp of Homer, the trump of Pindar and of Alcæus are still. The decencies of costume, the decorations of vanity are stripped off without mercy as barbarous, idle, and Gothic. The jewels in the crisped hair, the diadem on the polished brow are thought meretricious, theatrical, vulgar; and nothing contents his fastidious taste beyond a simple garland of flowers. Neither does he



J. Chapman, Sc.

HOMER.

Taken from a Gem presented to the British Museum by the Earl of Exeter.

London Published Nov. 11. 1809. by J. Wilkes.

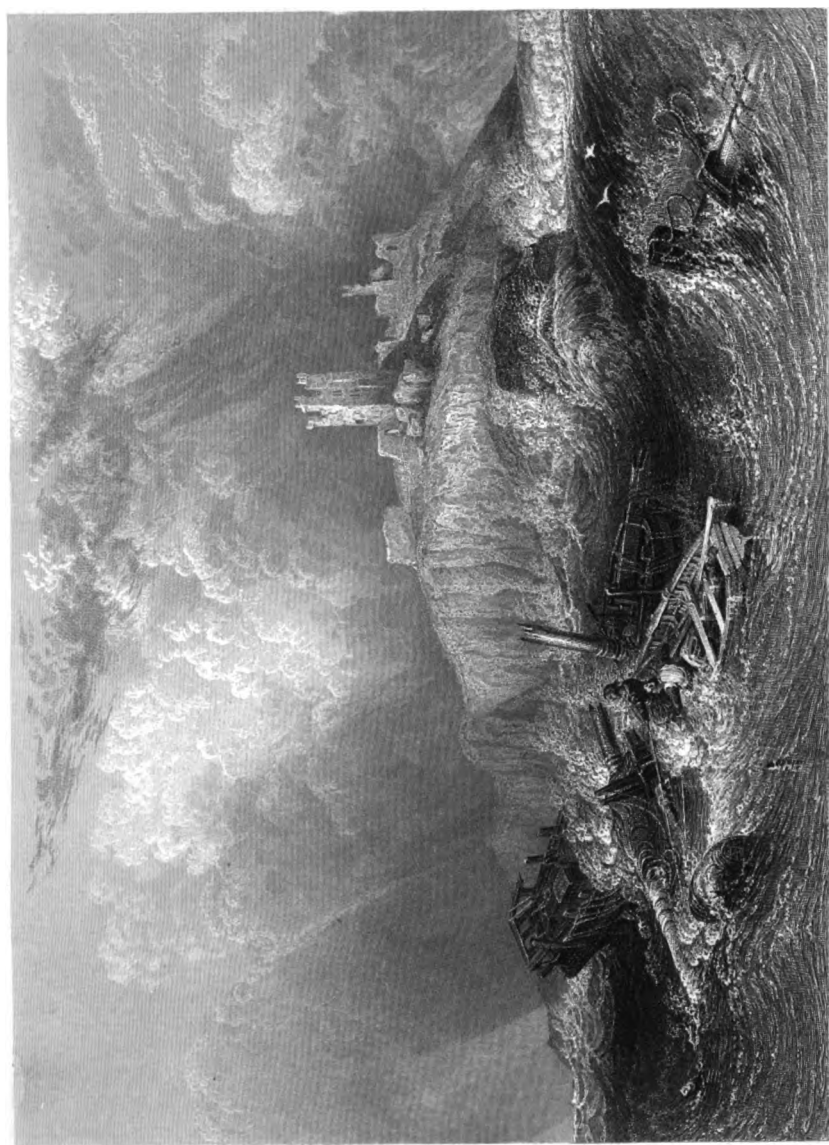
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THE SINKING OF THE "MARY" IN 1857

avail himself of the advantages which nature or accident holds out to him. He chooses to have his subject a foil to his invention, to owe nothing but to himself. He gathers manna in the wilderness, he strikes the barren rock for the gushing moisture. He elevates the mean by the strength of his own aspirations; he clothes the naked with beauty and grandeur from the store of his own recollections. No cypress-grove loads his verse with perfumes: but his imagination lends "a sense of joy

" To the bare trees and mountains bare,
And grass in the green field."

No storm, no shipwreck startles us by its horrors: but the rainbow lifts its head in the cloud, and the breeze sighs through the withered fern. No sad vicissitude of fate, no overwhelming catastrophe in nature deforms his page: but the dew-drop glitters on the bending flower, the tear collects in the glistening eye.

" Beneath the hills, along the flowery vales,
The generations are prepared; the pangs,
The internal pangs are ready; the dread strife
Of poor humanity's afflicted will,
Struggling in vain with ruthless destiny."

As the lark ascends from its low bed on fluttering wing, and salutes the morning skies; so

Mr. Wordsworth's unpretending Muse, in russet guise, scales the summits of reflection, while it makes the round earth its footstool, and its home!

Possibly a good deal of this may be regarded as the effect of disappointed views and an inverted ambition. Prevented by native pride and indolence from climbing the ascent of learning or greatness, taught by political opinions to say to the vain pomp and glory of the world, "I hate ye," seeing the path of classical and artificial poetry blocked up by the cumbersome ornaments of style and turgid *common-places*, so that nothing more could be achieved in that direction but by the most ridiculous bombast or the tamest servility; he has turned back partly from the bias of his mind, partly perhaps from a judicious policy—has struck into the sequestered vale of humble life, sought out the Muse among sheep-cotes and hamlets and the peasant's mountain-haunts, has discarded all the tinsel pageantry of verse, and endeavoured (not in vain) to aggrandise the trivial and add the charm of novelty to the familiar. No one has shewn the same imagination in raising trifles into importance: no one has displayed the same pathos in treating of the simplest feelings of the heart. Reserved, yet haughty,

having no unruly or violent passions, (or those passions having been early suppressed,) Mr. Wordsworth has passed his life in solitary musing, or in daily converse with the face of nature. He exemplifies in an eminent degree the power of *association* ; for his poetry has no other source or character. He has dwelt among pastoral scenes, till each object has become connected with a thousand feelings, a link in the chain of thought, a fibre of his own heart. Every one is by habit and familiarity strongly attached to the place of his birth, or to objects that recal the most pleasing and eventful circumstances of his life. But to the author of the *Lyrical Ballads*, nature is a kind of home ; and he may be said to take a personal interest in the universe. There is no image so insignificant that it has not in some mood or other found the way into his heart : no sound that does not awaken the memory of other years.—

“ To him the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.”

The daisy looks up to him with sparkling eye as an old acquaintance : the cuckoo haunts him with sounds of early youth not to be expressed : a linnet's nest startles him with boyish delight : an old withered thorn is

weighed down with a heap of recollections : a grey cloak, seen on some wild moor, torn by the wind, or drenched in the rain, afterwards becomes an object of imagination to him : even the lichens on the rock have a life and being in his thoughts. He has described all these objects in a way and with an intensity of feeling that no one else had done before him, and has given a new view or aspect of nature. He is in this sense the most original poet now living, and the one whose writings could the least be spared : for they have no substitute elsewhere. The vulgar do not read them, the learned, who see all things through books, do not understand them, the great despise, the fashionable may ridicule them : but the author has created himself an interest in the heart of the retired and lonely student of nature, which can never die. Persons of this class will still continue to feel what he has felt : he has expressed what they might in vain wish to express, except with glistening eye and faltering tongue ! There is a lofty philosophic tone, a thoughtful humanity, infused into his pastoral vein. Remote from the passions and events of the great world, he has communicated interest and dignity to the primal movements of the heart of man, and ingrafted his own conscious reflections on the casual thoughts

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PLATE 10

PLATE 10

THE MOUNTAIN, FROM THE MOUNTAIN, THE MOUNTAIN, THE MOUNTAIN

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Claudio f

of hinds and shepherds. Nursed amidst the grandeur of mountain scenery, he has stooped to have a nearer view of the daisy under his feet, or plucked a branch of white-thorn from the spray: but in describing it, his mind seems imbued with the majesty and solemnity of the objects around him—the tall rock lifts its head in the erectness of his spirit; the cataract roars in the sound of his verse; and in its dim and mysterious meaning, the mists seem to gather in the hollows of Helvellyn, and the forked Skiddaw hovers in the distance. There is little mention of mountainous scenery in Mr. Wordsworth's poetry; but by internal evidence one might be almost sure that it was written in a mountainous country, from its bareness, its simplicity, its loftiness and its depth!

His later philosophic productions have a somewhat different character. They are a departure from, a dereliction of his first principles. They are classical and courtly. They are polished in style, without being gaudy; dignified in subject, without affectation. They seem to have been composed not in a cottage at Grasmere, but among the half-inspired groves and stately recollections of Cole-Orton. We might allude in particular, for examples of what we mean, to the lines on a Picture by Claude Lorraine, and to the exquisite poem, entitled *Laodamia*. The

last of these breathes the pure spirit of the finest fragments of antiquity—the sweetness, the gravity, the strength, the beauty and the langour of death—

“Calm contemplation and majestic pains.”

Its glossy brilliancy arises from the perfection of the finishing, like that of careful sculpture, not from gaudy colouring—the texture of the thoughts has the smoothness and solidity of marble. It is a poem that might be read aloud in Elysium, and the spirits of departed heroes and sages would gather round to listen to it! Mr. Wordsworth's philosophic poetry, with a less glowing aspect and less tumult in the veins than Lord Byron's on similar occasions, bends a calmer and keener eye on mortality; the impression, if less vivid, is more pleasing and permanent; and we confess it (perhaps it is a want of taste and proper feeling) that there are lines and poems of our author's, that we think of ten times for once that we recur to any of Lord Byron's. Or if there are any of the latter's writings, that we can dwell upon in the same way, that is, as lasting and heart-felt sentiments, it is when laying aside his usual pomp and pretension, he descends with Mr. Wordsworth to the common ground of a disin-



Engraved by H. G.

BYRON

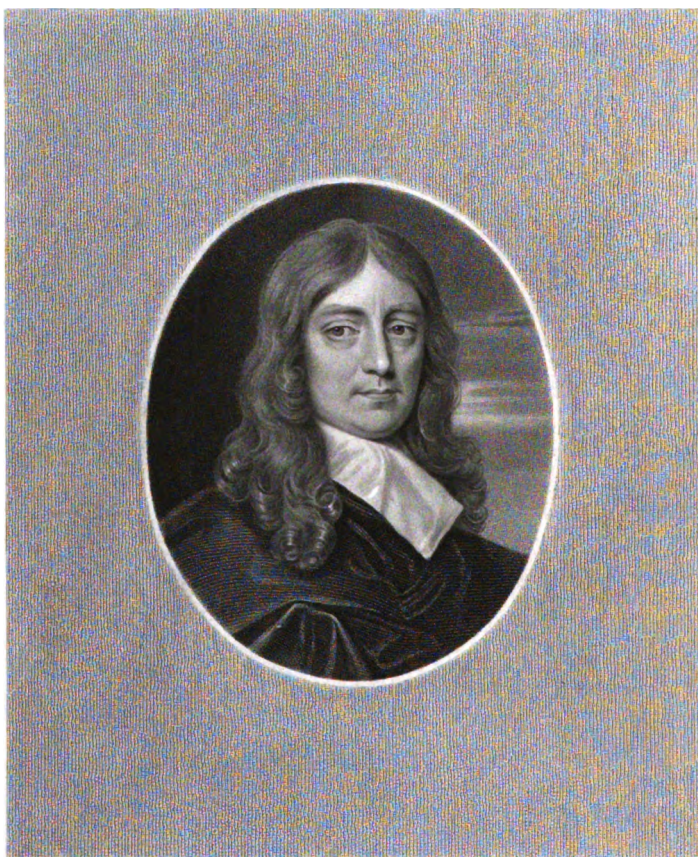
*From the original picture by Phillips in the possession
of John Murray, Esq.*

Under the Superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge

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Engraved by F. Rivoboth

JOHN MILTON.

*From a Signature of the same size by Catherine Anne 1747.
in the possession of William Falconer Esq*

Under the Superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge

London Published by Charles Knight Pall Mall East

terested humanity. It may be considered as characteristic of our poet's writings, that they either make no impression on the mind at all, seem mere *nonsense-verses*, or that they leave a mark behind them that never wears out. They either

“ Fall blunted from the indurated breast”—

without any perceptible result, or they absorb it like a passion. To one class of readers he appears sublime, to another (and we fear the largest) ridiculous. He has probably realised Milton's wish,—“and fit audience found, though few :” but we suspect he is not reconciled to the alternative. There are delightful passages in the *Excursion*, both of natural description and of inspired reflection (passages of the latter kind that in the sound of the thoughts and of the swelling language resemble heavenly symphonies, mournful *requiems* over the grave of human hopes); but we must add, in justice and in sincerity, that we think it impossible that this work should ever become popular, even in the same degree as the *Lyrical Ballads*. It affects a system without having any intelligible clue to one; and instead of unfolding a principle in various and striking lights, repeats the same conclusions till they become flat and

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insipid. Mr. Wordsworth's mind is obtuse, except as it is the organ and the receptacle of accumulated feelings: it is not analytic, but synthetic; it is reflecting, rather than theoretical. The EXCURSION, we believe, fell still-born from the press. There was something abortive, and clumsy, and ill-judged in the attempt. It was long and laboured. The personages, for the most part, were low, the fare rustic: the plan raised expectations which were not fulfilled, and the effect was like being ushered into a stately hall and invited to sit down to a splendid banquet in the company of clowns, and with nothing but successive courses of apple-dumplings served up. It was not even *toujours perdrix*!

Mr. Wordsworth, in his person, is above the middle size, with marked features, and an air somewhat stately and Quixotic. He reminds one of some of Holbein's heads, grave, saturnine, with a slight indication of sly humour, kept under by the manners of the age or by the pretensions of the person. He has a peculiar sweetness in his smile, and great depth and manliness and a rugged harmony, in the tones of his voice. His manner of reading his own poetry is particularly imposing; and in his favourite passages his eye beams with preter-



Portrait Gallery of Hogg's Instructor

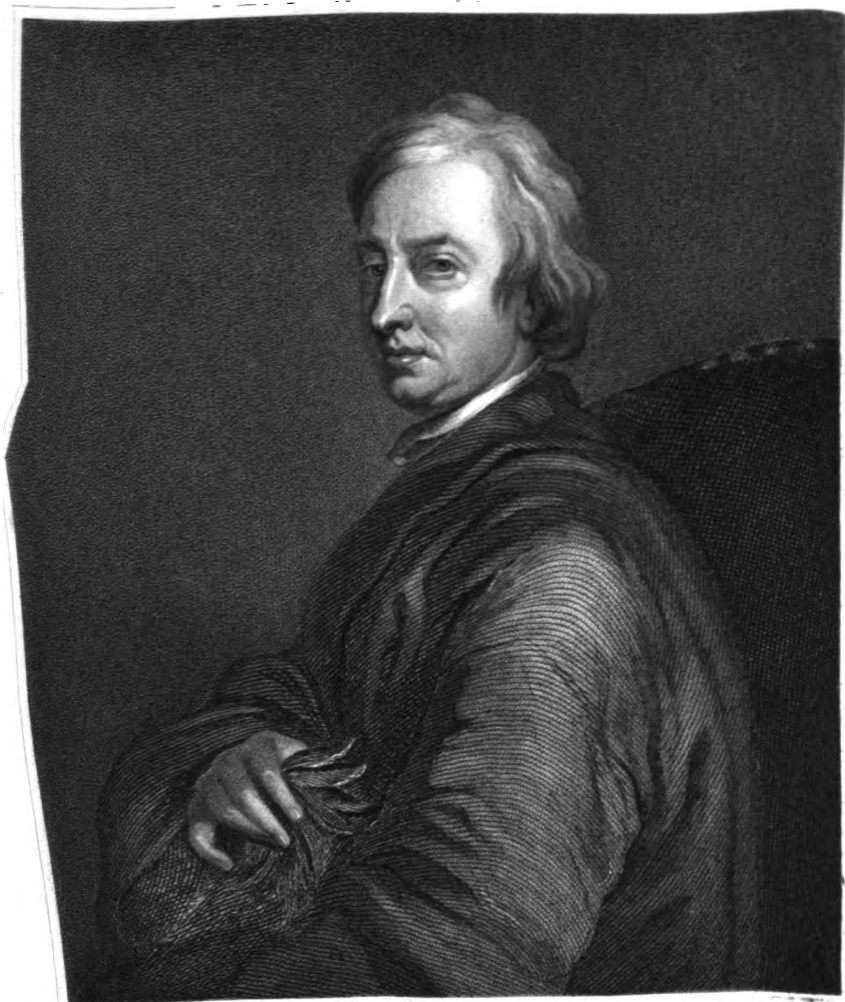
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natural lustre, and the meaning labours slowly up from his swelling breast. No one who has seen him at these moments could go away with an impression that he was a "man of no mark or likelihood." Perhaps the comment of his face and voice is necessary to convey a full idea of his poetry. His language may not be intelligible, but his manner is not to be mistaken. It is clear that he is either mad or inspired. In company, even in a *tête-à-tête*, Mr. Wordsworth is often silent, indolent, and reserved. If he is become verbose and oracular of late years, he was not so in his better days. He threw out a bold or an indifferent remark without either effort or pretension, and relapsed into musing again. He shone most (because he seemed most roused and animated) in reciting his own poetry, or in talking about it. He sometimes gave striking views of his feelings and trains of association in composing certain passages; or if one did not always understand his distinctions, still there was no want of interest—there was a latent meaning worth inquiring into, like a vein of ore that one cannot exactly hit upon at the moment, but of which there are sure indications. His standard of poetry is high and severe, almost to exclusiveness. He admits of nothing below, scarcely

of any thing above himself. It is fine to hear him talk of the way in which certain subjects should have been treated by eminent poets, according to his notions of the art. Thus he finds fault with Dryden's description of Bacchus in the *Alexander's Feast*, as if he were a mere good-looking youth, or boon companion—

“ Flushed with a purple grace,
He shews his honest face”—

instead of representing the God returning from the conquest of India, crowned with vine-leaves, and drawn by panthers, and followed by troops of satyrs, of wild men and animals that he had tamed. You would think, in hearing him speak on this subject, that you saw Titian's picture of the meeting of *Bacchus and Ariadne*—so classic were his conceptions, so glowing his style. Milton is his great idol, and he sometimes dares to compare himself with him. His Sonnets, indeed, have something of the same high-raised tone and prophetic spirit. Chaucer is another prime favourite of his, and he has been at the pains to modernise some of the *Canterbury Tales*. Those persons who look upon Mr. Wordsworth as a merely puerile writer, must be rather at a loss to account for his strong pre-



Engraved by F. Kneller

DRYDEN.

*From a Picture by Sir Peter Lely
in the Collection of the Earl of Pembroke*

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Engraved by W. Hoell.

TITIAN.

*From the Picture of Titian & Porten painted by Titian.
in his Majesty's Collection at Windsor*

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Published by Harrison & Co. 1790.

CHAUCER.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER, the father of English poetry, was born at London, in 1328. He was educated at Cambridge; where, at the age of eighteen, he wrote his *Court of Love*. After quitting the university, he visited the continent; and, on his return, became a student of the Inner Temple. His accomplishments soon gained him the friendship of many persons of distinction; through whose means he was introduced at court, and honoured by the protection of Edward III. His chief residence, for many years, was near the palace at Woodstock, in a square stone building, still called Chaucer's House.

In 1373, the king sent him to Geneva, on a commission of importance, which he transacted with great skill and fidelity, and was soon after made a comptroller of the customs. His income being now about 1000*l.* a year, might well enable him to live, in those days, as he says he did, "with dignity in office, and hospitality among his friends." It was in this easy and felicitous situation, that he produced his most humorous Tales. His satires, however, against the priests, said to have been written to please his early friend, the Duke of Lancaster, who favoured the cause of Wickliffe, threw a cloud over this meridian blaze; and, like his noble patron, he was even obliged to quit the kingdom.

Necessity forcing him back to England, he was seized and committed to prison: from whence he procured his enlargement, by confessions which brought on his head a heavy load of calumny. The sense of these misfortunes, gave rise to that excellent treatise, the *Testament of Love*, in imitation of Boethius on the *Consolation of Philosophy*; as well as his admirable treatise on the *Astrolabe*.

The Duke of Lancaster, at last surmounting his troubles, married Lady Catharine Swynford, sister to Chaucer's wife; so that Thomas Chaucer, the poet's son, became allied even to the kings of England.

This union served to throw a gleam of lustre over the evening of his day; and, being now seventy, he retired to Dunnington Castle, near Newbury. The following year he had the satisfaction to see the son of his brother-in-law, Henry IV. seated on the throne; who bestowed several marks of favour on our poet. But the fatigue of court-attendance was now too burdensome to him; and, in his seventy-second year, falling sick at London, he relinquished his last breath, where he received his first. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Dr. Johnson observes, that Chaucer was the first English poet who wrote poetically; and Dryden holds him in the same degree of veneration, as the Grecians held Homer, or the Romans Virgil.

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GRAY.

THOMAS GRAY, who has been characterised as the British Pindar, was born in Cornhill, London, in December 1716. His grandfather was a considerable merchant; but his father Philip, a money scrivener, is stated to have been of an indolent and brutal temper. He received his grammatical education at Eton school, under Mr. Antrobus, his mother's brother; and here he contracted a particular intimacy with Horace Walpole, afterwards earl of Orford; and Richard West, son of the chancellor of Ireland.

Upon leaving Eton, he entered as a pensioner at Peterhouse college, Cambridge, of which his uncle was a fellow. At this university, he renounced the severity of mathematical studies in favour of classical literature: the first original production of his muse was addressed to his beloved West, who had some months before left Christ-church for the Inner Temple; and, with Gray, was destined to pursue the study of the law. From this, Gray was diverted by an invitation to accompany Mr. Horace Walpole on his travels: they accordingly set out together; and, in April 1741, left Florence for Venice, where an unhappy feud, caused by the difference of their tempers, separated them during their stay abroad; but, in the year 1744, a reconciliation was effected between them by a lady, a well-wisher to both.

Gray's father being dead, finding his patrimony too scanty to permit him to prosecute his law-studies, he took a bachelor's degree at Cambridge: here he principally resided; and, as Dr. Johnson has remarked, "without liking the place or its inhabitants, or pretending to like them, passed, except a short residence at London, the rest of his life."

On the death of his friend West weighed down by sickness and family misfortunes, in 1742, Gray is supposed to have begun, if not completed, his *Elegy* written in a Country Church-yard; which, when printed in 1750, rapidly ran through eleven editions. Gray's *Ode on the distant Prospect of Eton College*, and his *Hymn to Adversity*, bear sufficient indications of his deep regret for his lost associate. Those sublime effusions, the *Bard* and the *Progress of Poetry*, appeared in 1757.

Some time after this, he removed from Cambridge to Southampton-row, London, for the purpose of being near the British Museum at its opening. Here he passed three years in reading and transcribing. Having refused the appointment of poet-laureat, he afterwards obtained from the duke of Grafton, without solicitation, the professorship of modern history in the university of Cambridge. On this occasion, when his noble patron was installed chancellor, he wrote the *Ode for music*.

In July 1772, after many symptoms of declining health, he died at Cambridge of the gout.—Gray's poetry is sublime, fervid, and elegant; and he communicates the most exalted enthusiasm. The most complete edition of Gray's works, in every respect, was published by Mr. Matthias in 1815.

Of his *Elegy* in particular, the subject, like that of Milton's immortal *Epic*, is universally interesting, the allegory sublime, the natural description picturesque, and the numbers matchlessly melodious. Even Johnson admits, "that it abounds with images which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which every breast returns an echo."

On his monument in Westminster Abbey are the following lines by his friend Mason:

No more the Grecian muse unrivall'd reigns,—
To Britain let the nations homage pay;
She boasts a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,
A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of Gray.

Shin
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Engraved by Thomas Sturt

JAMES THOMSON.

THIS amiable poet, the son of a Scotch minister, was born at Ednam, September 7, 1700. He received his education at Jedburgh, which he notices with fondness in his *Autumn*, and was from thence removed to Edinburgh. He was intended for the church, but indulged his love of the Muses; and, at length, having performed an exercise in verse, the Professor of Divinity thought proper to censure him for the splendour of his diction.

Disgusted with such professors, and resigning all hopes of ecclesiastical dignity, he resolved to be a poet, and to try his fortune in London. His situation, on arriving in the metropolis, is forcibly displayed by Dr. Johnson; who says, that "his first want was of a pair of shoes." Nor did he possess any other property than his *Winter*. For this he obtained a low price from the bookseller; and it was long before that sublime poem could find readers. So discouraging are the first attempts of a juvenile poet!

But his merit became conspicuous, on the completion of his plan; and the performance of his tragedies, if they made no very considerable addition to his fame, at least served to improve his finances.

Invited to make the tour of Europe with the Honourable Charles Talbot, he there contemplated the scenes of ancient freedom. This produced his very copious poem on *Liberty*; of which himself entertained the most favourable hopes: but, notwithstanding several brilliant passages, it seems to have been universally neglected.

After the death of his patron, he enjoyed the protection and bounty of Frederick Prince of Wales; who appears to have been the general patron of men of genius. A very rare instance, in the annals of the English princes!

The last piece which he lived to publish, was his *Castle of Indolence*; a delightful imitation of Spenser, which must rank next to his *Seasons*; but it can never attain to their popularity, because it is more addressed to the lovers of the higher poetry.

He died on the 27th of August 1748.

Thomson lived latterly at Richmond, in a philosophical independence; and, though a poet, left sufficient to pay his debts, besides something to testify his affection to his family. He was one of the most amiable characters literature can boast: and his chief work, the *Seasons*, addressed to all classes of readers, from the force and glow of its descriptions, the tenderness and humanity of its sentiments, its domestic occurrences, and originality of genius, is indisputably the most popular poem in the English language.

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POPE.

FOR the honour of giving birth to our transcendently favourite poet, ALEXANDER POPE, the first great master of elegant and refined English verse, two rival cities may claim to contend; like the ten cities of Greece, for that of his prototype, Homer: some of his numerous biographers asserting, that he was born, May 22, 1688, in Lombard-street, in the city of London, where his father was a linen-draper; and others, that he was born, June 8, 1688, in the Strand, in the city of Westminster, where his father was a hatter. In the mean time, it seems sufficient to state, generally, that he was born in the metropolis, in 1688; where his father acquired a fortune in trade.

So pleasing was his infantine voice, that his friends fondly called him "the little nightingale;" and, from the earliness of his poetical efforts, his cradle may be said to have been surrounded by the Muses. He was first taught to read by an affectionate aunt; and contrived to write, by copying printed books. The rudiments of the Greek and Latin languages he originally acquired from priests, his parents being both of the Roman Catholic persuasion. He was sent to a seminary, at Twyford, near Winchester; but, having written some severe verses on his master, the young satyrst was removed. At the age of twelve, retiring, with his parents, to Binfield, in Windsor Forest, he cultivated his talents with an ardour of study, and a maturity of taste, very far above his years.

His Pastorals introduced him to public notice. He was early taught to distinguish himself by correctness; the only quality in which English poetry, after Dryden, was conceived to have been deficient. He seized the hint, and it has rendered him unrivalled.

In 1708, appeared his Essay on Criticism. His learning and good sense were now admired; but his next poem, the Rape of the Lock, allured by the brilliancy of fancy, the melody of versification, and the higher requisites of poetry. That enchanting poem owed its origin to a furtive frolic of gallantry, in which Lord Petre had sportively cut off a favourite lock of Mrs. Arabella Fermor's hair. This familiarity occasioning a serious rupture between the two families, a friend of both requested Mr. Pope would write something which might restore them to better humour with each other. Accordingly, he published two cantos of the Rape of the Lock. These being read with universal admiration, he enlarged the poem to five cantos; and, by the addition of the machinery of the sylphs, rendered it the most elegant mock-heroic poem ever written.

In 1713, desirous of reaping something more than barren laurels, he issued proposals for a translation of Homer's Iliad. Happily, it was the age of poetical patronage; and from this work, including the Odyssey, he derived a fortune of near 10,000*l.* the largest sum, perhaps, that any poet ever yet acquired. The lovers of poetry will not, however, consider it as equalling the singular merits of this version; which is to be regarded as a treasury of English poetry, a mine of the purest gold! He now purchased his celebrated villa at Twickenham; and retired, to enjoy the very rare union of poetry and independence.

It has been lamented that, in this Tusculum, he should have so frequently indulged his Horatian vein of satire: but, though he produced satire, he also produced his Essay on Man; the most perfect model of didactic verse and philosophical poetry.

Many will agree, that Pope, among the English poets, resembles Virgil among the Latins. Pure, correct, and harmonious, he has oftener seized the delicacies of taste, than displayed the harmful power of genius. Let it not, however, be supposed, that he was deficient in the higher qualification: his judgment would not suffer him to employ it, where it could not be employed with propriety.

He died March 30, 1744, aged 56; and was buried at Twickenham, where a monument has been erected by his great commentator, Warburton, bishop of Gloucester.

dilection for such geniuses as Dante and Michael Angelo. We do not think our author has any very cordial sympathy with Shakespear. How should he? Shakespear was the least of an egotist of any body in the world. He does not much relish the variety and scope of dramatic composition. "He hates those interlocutions between Lucius and Caius." Yet Mr. Wordsworth himself wrote a tragedy when he was young; and we have heard the following energetic lines quoted from it, as put into the mouth of a person smit with remorse for some rash crime :

—————" Action is momentary,
The motion of a muscle this way or that ;
Suffering is long, obscure, and infinite !"

Perhaps for want of light and shade, and the unshackled spirit of the drama, this performance was never brought forward. Our critic has a great dislike to Gray, and a fondness for Thomson and Collins. It is mortifying to hear him speak of Pope and Dryden, whom, because they have been supposed to have all the possible excellences of poetry, he will allow to have none. Nothing, however, can be fairer, or more amusing, than the way in which he sometimes exposes the unmeaning verbiage of

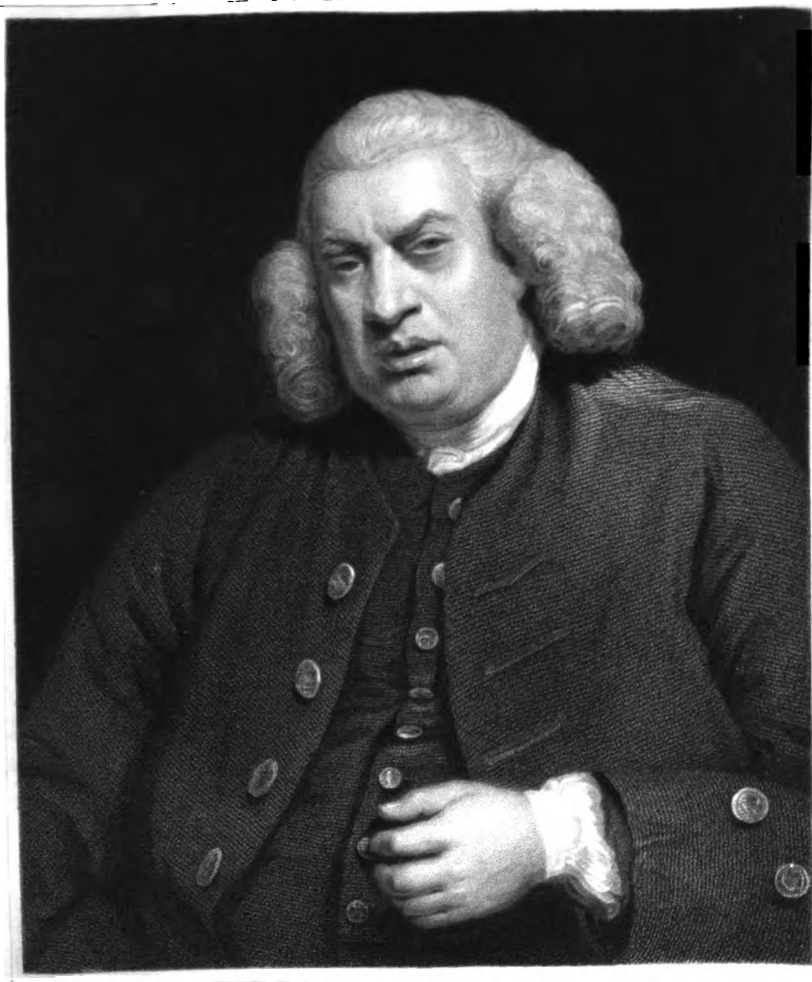
modern poetry. Thus, in the beginning of Dr. Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes*—

“ Let observation with extensive view
Survey mankind from China to Peru”—

he says there is a total want of imagination accompanying the words, the same idea is repeated three times under the disguise of a different phraseology : it comes to this—“ let *observation*, with extensive *observation*, *observe* mankind ;” or take away the first line, and the second,

“ Survey mankind from China to Peru,”

literally conveys the whole. Mr. Wordsworth is, we must say, a perfect Drawcansir as to prose writers. He complains of the dry reasoners and matter-of-fact people for their want of *passion*; and he is jealous of the rhetorical declaimers and rhapsodists as trenching on the province of poetry. He condemns all French writers (as well of poetry as prose) in the lump. His list in this way is indeed small. He approves of Walton's Angler, Paley, and some other writers of an inoffensive modesty of pretension. He also likes books of voyages and travels, and Robinson Crusoe. In art, he greatly esteems Bewick's wood-cuts, and Waterloo's sylvan etchings. But he sometimes



Engraved by J. Smith

JOHNSON.

*From a Picture by Sir J. Reynolds
in the possession of Sir Robert Peel Bart.*

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ISAAC WALTON.

THIS fisherman and philosopher of the old school, was born at Stafford, in August 1593; but, though his eventful life was thought worthy the attention of the Oxford antiquary, we have no account where or by whom Mr. Walton was educated: from Wood, we only learn, that Walton settled in London, and followed the trade of a sempster in 1624. At this time, though he was a shopkeeper in the Royal Exchange, he could scarcely be said to have elbow room, as the shops there were but seven feet long, and five broad. He afterwards occupied a house on the north side of Fleet-street, two doors west of the end of Chancery-lane, and here he followed the trade of a linen-draper: the shop was divided between himself and John Mason, a hosier. Walton is supposed to have been first married about 1632: his second wife was the daughter of Thomas Ken, Esq. of Furnival's-inn, and sister of Thomas, afterwards Bishop Ken, one of the seven sent to the Tower. About 1643, Walton left London with a fortune far short of what would now be thought a competency.

While he continued in town, his favourite recreation was angling; and he was undoubtedly the greatest proficient in his time, as the rules and practice laid down by him have been adopted by almost every subsequent writer on the subject. It is therefore with the greatest propriety that Langbaine calls him, "the common father of all anglers." He retired about 1643 to a small estate in Staffordshire, as his loyalty had made him obnoxious to the ruling powers. Wood observes, that, finding it dangerous to remain in the city, he lived some time at Stafford and elsewhere; but mostly in the families of the eminent clergymen of England, by whom he was much beloved.—Dr. John Donne dying in 1631, Mr. Walton, who was his frequent hearer at St. Dunstan's, Fleet-street, was requested by Sir Henry Wootton, to write his life, which Walton finished in 1640, and published, with a collection of the doctor's sermons, in folio. Sir Henry Wootton dying in 1639, Walton was requested by Bishop King to write his life also, which was accordingly finished about 1644. Walton afterwards became the biographer of Hooker, author of Ecclesiastical Polity; of Mr. George Herbert, and Dr. Robert Sanderson.

In 1653, appeared, in a very elegant manner for the time, his "Complete Angler, or, Contemplative Man's Recreation," in small duodecimo, with exquisite cuts of most of the fish. Though the learning of Walton was very moderate, his attainments in literature were far beyond expectation from a man bred to trade. He died at Winchester in 1683, in the 90th year of his age, and was buried in the cathedral there. Walton's Angler has been several times reprinted; but, for this delineation of his life and character, we are indebted to "Bagster's Second Edition, being the Eighth of that work, with Improvements and Additions." In reference to Walton's work, it has been justly observed, "We have few good pastorals in our language, perhaps the best is that prose-poem, Walton's Complete Angler. That well-known work has a beauty and romantic interest equal to its simplicity. Good cheer is not neglected in this work any more than in Homer, or any other history that sets a proper value on the good things of this life. The prints in the Complete Angler give an additional reality and interest to the scenes it describes. While Tottenham-cross remains, and longer, thy work, amiable and happy old man, shall last!"

The will of Mr. Walton was completed only a few moments before his death. His issue was a son, named Isaac, and a daughter, named Anne, after her mother. The son was canon residentiary of Sarum, and the daughter married Dr. Hawkins, a prebendary of Winchester.

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WILLIAM PALEY, D.D.

Spina
1000

S/lin-
2472



Engraved by J. Tardieu.

N. POUSSIN.

*From the original picture by himself
in the Gallery of the Louvre.*

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Published by Harrison Oct. 27 Aug. 1. 1790.

REMBRANDT.

THE famous Rembrandt Van Rhyn, more generally known by the single name Rembrandt, was born in 1606. This truly original genius was the son of a miller, who lived within three miles of Leyden.

Young Rembrandt evinced, in his childhood, a strong propensity for painting; and, having early in life produced a picture of great merit, he was advised to dispose of it at Amsterdam. He accordingly carried it thither under his arm, and soon found a purchaser, who gave him a hundred florins. Elated with his success, he disdained to trudge back on foot, but boldly ventured to take a place in the waggon!

Such was his attachment, when young, to the study of the art, that he neglected every other acquirement; and, it is said, could very barely read. This was, perhaps, the true cause why he associated through life with vulgar company, for which he has been so much censured.

His aim was, to be a faithful delineator of Nature; but, like most of the Flemish painters, he did not sufficiently reflect, that what was before him might not always represent Nature in her finest situations. He imbibed, in short, the heavy taste of his country; but, possessing the native powers of great genius, they burst through every impediment.

He drew abundance of portraits, with wonderful strength, sweetness, and resemblance. Even in his etching, which was dark, and as peculiar as his style of painting, every individual stroke performed it's part, and expressed the very flesh, as well as the spirit, of the person represented.

He generally resided at Amsterdam, where he obtained very high prices for his works; and he had so many commissions, that his portraits were often slightly sketched. His inordinate desire of gain made him sell his prints in every state, from the etched outline to the last finishing.

So completely, indeed, was he the slave of avarice, that he subsisted on the coarsest food; a red herring, and cheese, constituted his daily repast: yet he is said to have cleared annually three hundred pounds by his pupils alone.

Though a man of singular humour, he was often disgustingly rude to persons of superior rank, whom his great reputation attracted.

He died at Amsterdam, in great affluence, at the age of sixty-eight.

The works of Rembrandt are valued for their forcible expression: his heads of old men are singularly striking. He gave to the various parts of the face a character of life and truth which can never be too much admired. The strong lights, so conspicuous in all his pictures, are said to have been effected by means of a hole or aperture formed purposely to admit them.

takes a higher tone, and gives his mind fair play. We have known him enlarge with a noble intelligence and enthusiasm on Nicolas Poussin's fine landscape-compositions, pointing out the unity of design that pervades them, the superintending mind, the imaginative principle that brings all to bear on the same end; and declaring he would not give a rush for any landscape that did not express the time of day, the climate, the period of the world it was meant to illustrate, or had not this character of *wholeness* in it. His eye also does justice to Rembrandt's fine and masterly effects. In the way in which that artist works something out of nothing, and transforms the stump of a tree, a common figure into an *ideal* object, by the gorgeous light and shade thrown upon it, he perceives an analogy to his own mode of investing the minute details of nature with an atmosphere of sentiment; and in pronouncing Rembrandt to be a man of genius, feels that he strengthens his own claim to the title. It has been said of Mr. Wordsworth, that "he hates conchology, that he hates the Venus of Medicis." But these, we hope, are mere epigrams and *jeux-d'esprit*, as far from truth as they are free from malice; a sort of running satire or critical clenches—

“ Where one for sense and one for rhyme
Is quite sufficient at one time.”

We think, however, that if Mr. Wordsworth had been a more liberal and candid critic, he would have been a more sterling writer. If a greater number of sources of pleasure had been open to him, he would have communicated pleasure to the world more frequently. Had he been less fastidious in pronouncing sentence on the works of others, his own would have been received more favourably, and treated more leniently. The current of his feelings is deep, but narrow; the range of his understanding is lofty and aspiring rather than discursive. The force, the originality, the absolute truth and identity with which he feels some things, makes him indifferent to so many others. The simplicity and enthusiasm of his feelings, with respect to nature, renders him bigotted and intolerant in his judgments of men and things. But it happens to him, as to others, that his strength lies in his weakness; and perhaps we have no right to complain. We might get rid of the cynic and the egotist, and find in his stead a common-place man. We should “ take the good the Gods provide us :” a fine and original vein of poetry is not one of their most contemptible gifts, and the

rest is scarcely worth thinking of, except as it may be a mortification to those who expect perfection from human nature; or who have been idle enough at some period of their lives, to deify men of genius as possessing claims above it. But this is a chord that jars, and we shall not dwell upon it.

Lord Byron we have called, according to the old proverb, "the spoiled child of fortune." Mr. Wordsworth might plead, in mitigation of some peculiarities, that he is "the spoiled child of disappointment." We are convinced, if he had been early a popular poet, he would have borne his honours meekly, and would have been a person of great *bonhomie* and frankness of disposition. But the sense of injustice and of undeserved ridicule sours the temper and narrows the views. To have produced works of genius, and to find them neglected or treated with scorn, is one of the heaviest trials of human patience. We exaggerate our own merits when they are denied by others, and are apt to grudge and cavil at every particle of praise bestowed on those to whom we feel a conscious superiority. In mere self-defence we turn against the world, when it turns against us; brood over the undeserved slights we receive; and thus the genial current of the soul

is stopped, or vents itself in effusions of petulance and self-conceit. Mr. Wordsworth has thought too much of contemporary critics and criticism; and less than he ought of the award of posterity, and of the opinion, we do not say of private friends, but of those who were made so by their admiration of his genius. He did not court popularity by a conformity to established models, and he ought not to have been surprised that his originality was not understood as a matter of course. He has *gnawed too much on the bridle*; and has often thrown out crusts to the critics, in mere defiance or as a point of honour when he was challenged, which otherwise his own good sense would have withheld. We suspect that Mr. Wordsworth's feelings are a little morbid in this respect, or that he resents censure more than he is gratified by praise. Otherwise, the tide has turned much in his favour of late years—he has a large body of determined partisans—and is at present sufficiently in request with the public to save or relieve him from the last necessity to which a man of genius can be reduced—that of becoming the God of his own idolatry!

MR. MALTHUS.





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MR. MALTHUS.

MR MALTHUS may be considered as one of those rare and fortunate writers who have attained a *scientific* reputation in questions of moral and political philosophy. His name undoubtedly stands very high in the present age, and will in all probability go down to posterity with more or less of renown or obloquy. It was said by a person well qualified to judge both from strength and candour of mind, that "it would take a thousand years at least to answer his work on Population." He has certainly thrown a new light on that question, and changed the aspect of political economy in a decided and material point of view—whether he has not also endeavoured to spread a gloom over the hopes and more sanguine

speculations of man, and to cast a slur upon the face of nature, is another question. There is this to be said for Mr. Malthus, that in speaking of him, one knows what one is talking about. He is something beyond a mere name—one has not to *beat the bush* about his talents, his attainments, his vast reputation, and leave off without knowing what it all amounts to—he is not one of those great men, who set themselves off and strut and fret an hour upon the stage, during a day-dream of popularity, with the ornaments and jewels borrowed from the common stock, to which nothing but their vanity and presumption gives them the least individual claim—he has dug into the mine of truth, and brought up ore mixed with dross! In weighing his merits we come at once to the question of what he has done or failed to do. It is a specific claim that he sets up. When we speak of Mr. Malthus, we mean the *Essay on Population*; and when we mention the Essay on Population, we mean a distinct leading proposition, that stands out intelligibly from all trashy pretence, and is a ground on which to fix the levers that may move the world, backwards or forwards. He has not left opinion where he found it; he has advanced or given it a wrong bias, or thrown a stum-

bling-block in its way. In a word, his name is not stuck, like so many others, in the firmament of reputation, nobody knows why, inscribed in great letters, and with a transparency of TALENTS, GENIUS, LEARNING blazing round it—it is tantamount to an idea, it is identified with a principle, it means that *the population cannot go on perpetually increasing without pressing on the limits of the means of subsistence, and that a check of some kind or other must, sooner or later, be opposed to it.* This is the essence of the doctrine which Mr. Malthus has been the first to bring into general notice, and as we think, to establish beyond the fear of contradiction. Admitting then as we do the prominence and the value of his claims to public attention, it yet remains a question, how far those claims are (as to the talent displayed in them) strictly original; how far (as to the logical accuracy with which he has treated the subject) he has introduced foreign and doubtful matter into it; and how far (as to the spirit in which he has conducted his inquiries, and applied a general principle to particular objects) he has only drawn fair and inevitable conclusions from it, or endeavoured to tamper with and wrest it to sinister and servile purposes. A writer who shrinks from

following up a well-founded principle into its untoward consequences from timidity or false delicacy, is not worthy of the name of a philosopher: a writer who assumes the garb of candour and an inflexible love of truth to garble and pervert it, to crouch to power and pander to prejudice, deserves a worse title than that of a sophist!

Mr. Malthus's first octavo volume on this subject (published in the year 1798) was intended as an answer to Mr. Godwin's *Enquiry concerning Political Justice*. It was well got up for the purpose, and had an immediate effect. It was what in the language of the ring is called *a facer*. It made Mr. Godwin and the other advocates of Modern Philosophy look about them. It may be almost doubted whether Mr. Malthus was in the first instance serious in many things that he threw out, or whether he did not hazard the whole as an amusing and extreme paradox, which might puzzle the reader as it had done himself in an idle moment, but to which no practical consequence whatever could attach. This state of mind would probably continue till the irritation of enemies and the encouragement of friends convinced him that what he had at first exhibited as an idle fancy was in fact a very valuable discovery, or "like the toad ugly

and venomous, had yet a precious jewel in its head." Such a supposition would at least account for some things in the original Essay, which scarcely any writer would venture upon, except as professed exercises of ingenuity, and which have been since in part retracted. But a wrong bias was thus given, and the author's theory was thus rendered warped, disjointed, and sophistical from the very outset.

Nothing could in fact be more illogical (not to say absurd) than the whole of Mr. Malthus's reasoning applied as an answer (*par excellence*) to Mr. Godwin's book, or to the theories of other Utopian philosophers. Mr. Godwin was not singular, but was kept in countenance by many authorities, both ancient and modern, in supposing a state of society possible in which the passions and wills of individuals would be conformed to the general good, in which the knowledge of the best means of promoting human welfare and the desire of contributing to it would banish vice and misery from the world, and in which, the stumbling-blocks of ignorance, of selfishness, and the indulgence of gross appetite being removed, all things would move on by the mere impulse of wisdom and virtue, to still higher and higher degrees of perfection and happiness. Compared

with the lamentable and gross deficiencies of existing institutions, such a view of futurity as barely possible could not fail to allure the gaze and tempt the aspiring thoughts of the philanthropist and the philosopher: the hopes and the imaginations of speculative men could not but rush forward into this ideal world as into a *vacuum* of good; and from "the mighty stream of tendency" (as Mr. Wordsworth in the cant of the day calls it,) there was danger that the proud monuments of time-hallowed institutions, that the strong-holds of power and corruption, that "the Corinthian capitals of polished society," with the base and pediments, might be overthrown and swept away as by a hurricane. There were not wanting persons whose ignorance, whose fears, whose pride, or whose prejudices contemplated such an alternative with horror; and who would naturally feel no small obligation to the man who should relieve their apprehensions from the stunning roar of this mighty change of opinion—that thundered at a distance, and should be able, by some logical apparatus or unexpected turn of the argument, to prevent the vessel of the state from being hurried forward with the progress of improvement, and dashed in pieces down the tremendous precipice of human

perfectibility. Then comes Mr. Malthus forward with the geometrical and arithmetical ratios in his hands, and holds them out to his affrighted contemporaries as the only means of salvation. "For" (so argued the author of the Essay) "let the principles of Mr. Godwin's Enquiry and of other similar works be carried literally and completely into effect; let every corruption and abuse of power be entirely got rid of; let virtue, knowledge, and civilization be advanced to the greatest height that these visionary reformers would suppose; let the passions and appetites be subjected to the utmost control of reason and influence of public opinion: grant them, in a word, all that they ask, and the more completely their views are realized, the sooner will they be overthrown again, and the more inevitable and fatal will be the catastrophe. For the principle of population will still prevail, and from the comfort, ease, and plenty that will abound, will receive an increasing force and *impetus*; the number of mouths to be fed will have no limit, but the food that is to supply them cannot keep pace with the demand for it; we must come to a stop somewhere, even though each square yard, by extreme improvements in cultivation, could maintain its man: in this state of things

there will be no remedy, the wholesome checks of vice and misery (which have hitherto kept this principle within bounds) will have been done away; the voice of reason will be unheard; the passions only will bear sway; famine, distress, havoc, and dismay will spread around; hatred, violence, war, and bloodshed will be the infallible consequence, and from the pinnacle of happiness, peace, refinement, and social advantage, we shall be hurled once more into a profounder abyss of misery, want, and barbarism than ever, by the sole operation of the principle of population!"—Such is a brief abstract of the argument of the Essay. Can any thing be less conclusive, a more complete fallacy and *petitio principii*? Mr. Malthus concedes, he assumes a state of perfectibility, such as his opponents imagined, in which the general good is to obtain the entire mastery of individual interests, and reason of gross appetites and passions; and then he argues that such a perfect structure of society will fall by its own weight, or rather be undermined by the principle of population, because in the highest possible state of the subjugation of the passions to reason, they will be absolutely lawless and unchecked, and because as men become enlightened, quick sighted and public-spirited, they will shew themselves utterly blind to the

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Engraved by E. W. Goodwin

SIR THOMAS MORE

*From an illuminated manuscript
in the possession of Thomas Parker Esq.*

consequences of their actions, utterly indifferent to their own well-being and that of all succeeding generations, whose fate is placed in their hands. This we conceive to be the boldest paralogism that ever was offered to the world, or palmed upon willing credulity. Against whatever other scheme of reform this objection might be valid, the one it was brought expressly to overturn was impregnable against it, invulnerable to its slightest graze. Say that the Utopian reasoners are visionaries, unfounded; that the state of virtue and knowledge they suppose, in which reason shall have become all-in-all, can never take place, that it is inconsistent with the nature of man and with all experience, well and good—but to say that society will have attained this high and “palmy state,” that reason will have become the master-key to all our motives, and that when arrived at its greatest power it will cease to act at all, but will fall down dead, inert, and senseless before the principle of population, is an opinion which one would think few people would choose to advance or assent to, without strong inducements for maintaining or believing it.

The fact, however, is, that Mr. Malthus found this argument entire (the principle and the application of it) in an obscure and almost

forgotten work published about the middle of the last century, entitled *Various Prospects of Mankind, Nature, and Providence*, by a Scotch gentleman of the name of Wallace. The chapter in this work on the Principle of Population, considered as a bar to all ultimate views of human improvement, was probably written to amuse an idle hour, or read as a paper to exercise the wits of some literary society in the Northern capital, and no farther responsibility or importance annexed to it. Mr. Malthus, by adopting and setting his name to it, has given it sufficient currency and effect. It sometimes happens that one writer is the first to discover a certain principle or lay down a given observation, and that another makes an application of, or draws a remote or an immediate inference from it, totally unforeseen by the first, and from which, in all probability, he might have widely dissented. But this is not so in the present instance. Mr. Malthus has borrowed (perhaps without consciousness, at any rate without acknowledgment) both the preliminary statement, that the increase in the supply of food "from a limited earth and a limited fertility" must have an end, while the tendency to increase in the principle of population has none, without some external and forcible restraint on it, and the subsequent use

made of this statement as an insuperable bar to all schemes of Utopian or progressive improvement—both these he has borrowed (whole) from Wallace, with all their imperfections on their heads, and has added more and greater ones to them out of his own store. In order to produce something of a startling and dramatic effect, he has strained a point or two. In order to quell and frighten away the bugbear of Modern Philosophy, he was obliged to make a sort of monster of the principle of population, which was brought into the field against it, and which was to swallow it up quick. No half-measures, no middle course of reasoning would do. With a view to meet the highest possible power of reason in the new order of things, Mr. Malthus saw the necessity of giving the greatest possible physical weight to the antagonist principle, and he accordingly lays it down that its operation is mechanical and irresistible. He premises these two propositions as the basis of all his reasoning, 1. *That food is necessary to man*; 2. *That the desire to propagate the species is an equally indispensable law of our existence*:—thus making it appear that these two wants or impulses are equal and coordinate principles of action. If this double statement had been true, the whole scope and structure of his reasoning (as hostile

to human hopes and sanguine speculations) would have been irrefragable; but as it is not true, the whole (in that view) falls to the ground. According to Mr. Malthus's octavo edition, the sexual passion is as necessary to be gratified as the appetite of hunger, and a man can no more exist without propagating his species than he can live without eating. Were it so, neither of these passions would admit of any excuses, any delay, any restraint from reason or foresight; and the only checks to the principle of population must be vice and misery. The argument would be triumphant and complete. But there is no analogy, no parity in the two cases, such as our author here assumes. No man can live for any length of time without food; many persons live all their lives without gratifying the other sense. The longer the craving after food is unsatisfied, the more violent, imperious, and uncontrollable the desire becomes; whereas the longer the gratification of the sexual passion is resisted, the greater force does habit and resolution acquire over it; and, generally speaking, it is a well-known fact, attested by all observation and history, that this latter passion is subject more or less to controul from personal feelings and character, from public opinions and the institutions of society, so as

to lead either to a lawful and regulated indulgence, or to partial or total abstinence, according to the dictates of *moral restraint*, which latter check to the inordinate excesses and unheard-of consequences of the principle of population, our author, having no longer an extreme case to make out, admits and is willing to patronize in addition to the two former and exclusive ones of *vice and misery*, in the second and remaining editions of his work. Mr. Malthus has shewn some awkwardness or even reluctance in softening down the harshness of his first peremptory decision. He sometimes grants his grand exception cordially, proceeds to argue stoutly, and to try conclusions upon it; at other times he seems disposed to cavil about or retract it:—"the influence of moral restraint is very inconsiderable, or none at all." It is indeed difficult (more particularly for so formal and nice a reasoner as Mr. Malthus) to piece such contradictions plausibly or gracefully together. We wonder how *he* manages it—how *any one* should attempt it! The whole question, the *gist* of the argument of his early volume turned upon this, "Whether vice and misery were the *only* actual or possible checks to the principle of population?" He then said they were, and farewell to building castles in the air: he

now says that *moral restraint* is to be coupled with these, and that its influence depends greatly on the state of laws and manners—and Utopia stands where it did, a great way off indeed, but not turned *topsy-turvy* by our magician's wand! Should we ever arrive there, that is, attain to a state of *perfect moral restraint*, we shall not be driven headlong back into Epicurus's sty for want of the only possible checks to population, *vice and misery*; and in proportion as we advance that way, that is, as the influence of moral restraint is extended, the necessity for vice and misery will be diminished, instead of being increased according to the first alarm given by the Essay. Again, the advance of civilization and of population in consequence with the same degree of moral restraint (as there exists in England at this present time, for instance) is a good, and not an evil—but this does not appear from the Essay. The Essay shews that population is not (as had been sometimes taken for granted) an abstract and unqualified good; but it led many persons to suppose that it was an abstract and unqualified evil, to be checked only by vice and misery, and producing, according to its encouragement a greater quantity of vice and misery; and this error the author has not been at sufficient pains to do away.

Another thing, in which Mr. Malthus attempted to *clench* Wallace's argument, was in giving to the disproportionate power of increase in the principle of population and the supply of food a mathematical form, or reducing it to the arithmetical and geometrical ratios, in which we believe Mr. Malthus is now generally admitted, even by his friends and admirers, to have been wrong. There is evidently no inherent difference in the principle of increase in food or population; since a grain of corn, for example, will propagate and multiply itself much faster even than the human species. A bushel of wheat will sow a field; that field will furnish seed for twenty others. So that the limit to the means of subsistence is only the want of room to raise it in, or, as Wallace expresses it, "a limited fertility and a limited earth." Up to the point where the earth or any given country is fully occupied or cultivated, the means of subsistence naturally increase in a geometrical ratio, and will more than keep pace with the natural and unrestrained progress of population; and beyond that point, they do not go on increasing even in Mr. Malthus's arithmetical ratio, but are stationary or nearly so. So far, then, is this proportion from being universally and mathematically true, that in no part of the world or

state of society does it hold good. But our theorist, by laying down this double ratio as a law of nature, gains this advantage, that at all times it seems as if, whether in new or old-peopled countries, in fertile or barren soils, the population was pressing hard on the means of subsistence; and again, it seems as if the evil increased with the progress of improvement and civilization; for if you cast your eye at the scale which is supposed to be calculated upon true and infallible *data*, you find that when the population is at 8, the means of subsistence are at 4; so that here there is only a *deficit* of one half; but when it is at 32, they have only got to 6; so that here there is a difference of 26 in 32, and so on in proportion; the farther we proceed, the more enormous is the mass of vice and misery we must undergo, as a consequence of the natural excess of the population over the means of subsistence and as a salutary check to its farther desolating progress. The mathematical Table, placed at the front of the Essay, therefore leads to a secret suspicion or a bare-faced assumption, that we ought in mere kindness and compassion to give every sort of indirect and under-hand encouragement (to say the least) to the providential checks of vice and misery; as the sooner we arrest this for-

midable and paramount evil in its course, the less opportunity we leave it of doing incalculable mischief. Accordingly, whenever there is the least talk of colonizing new countries, of extending the population, or adding to social comforts and improvements, Mr. Malthus conjures up his double ratios, and insists on the alarming results of advancing them a single step forward in the series. By the same rule, it would be better to return at once to a state of barbarism; and to take the benefit of acorns and scuttle-fish, as a security against the luxuries and wants of civilized life. But it is not our ingenious author's wish to hint at or recommend any alterations in existing institutions; and he is therefore silent on that unpalatable part of the subject and natural inference from his principles.

Mr. Malthus's "gospel is preached to the poor." He lectures them on economy, on morality, the regulation of their passions (which, he says, at other times, are amenable to no restraint) and on the ungracious topic, that "the laws of nature, which are the laws of God, have doomed them and their families to starve for want of a right to the smallest portion of food beyond what their labour will supply, or some charitable hand may hold out in compassion." This is illiberal, and it is not

philosophical. The laws of nature or of God, to which the author appeals, are no other than a limited fertility and a limited earth. Within those bounds, the rest is regulated by the laws of man. The division of the produce of the soil, the price of labour, the relief afforded to the poor, are matters of human arrangement: while any charitable hand can extend relief, it is a proof that the means of subsistence are not exhausted in themselves, that "the tables are not full!" Mr. Malthus says that the laws of nature, which are the laws of God, have rendered that relief physically impossible; and yet he would abrogate the poor-laws by an act of the legislature, in order to take away that *impossible* relief, which the laws of God deny, and which the laws of man *actually* afford. We cannot think that this view of his subject, which is prominent and dwelt on at great length and with much pertinacity, is dictated either by rigid logic or melting charity! A labouring man is not allowed to knock down a hare or a partridge that spoils his garden: a country-squire keeps a pack of hounds: a lady of quality rides out with a footman behind her, on two sleek, well-fed horses. We have not a word to say against all this as exemplifying the spirit of the English Constitution, as a part of the law of the land,

or as an artful distribution of light and shade in the social picture; but if any one insists at the same time that “the laws of nature, which are the laws of God, have doomed the poor and their families to starve,” because the principle of population has encroached upon and swallowed up the means of subsistence, so that not a mouthful of food is left *by the grinding law of necessity* for the poor, we beg leave to deny both fact and inference—and we put it to Mr. Malthus whether we are not, in strictness, justified in doing so?

We have, perhaps, said enough to explain our feeling on the subject of Mr. Malthus's merits and defects. We think he had the opportunity and the means in his hands of producing a great work on the principle of population; but we believe he has let it slip from his having an eye to other things besides that broad and unexplored question. He wished not merely to advance to the discovery of certain great and valuable truths, but at the same time to overthrow certain unfashionable paradoxes by exaggerated statements—to curry favour with existing prejudices and interests by garbled representations. He has, in a word, as it appears to us on a candid retrospect and without any feelings of controversial asperity rankling in our minds, sunk the philosopher

and the friend of his species (a character to which he might have aspired) in the sophist and party-writer. The period at which Mr. Malthus came forward teemed with answers to Modern Philosophy, with antidotes to liberty and humanity, with abusive Histories of the Greek and Roman republics, with fulsome panegyrics on the Roman Emperors (at the very time when we were reviling Buonaparte for his strides to universal empire) with the slime and offal of desperate servility—and we cannot but consider the Essay as one of the poisonous ingredients thrown into the cauldron of Legitimacy “to make it thick and slab.” Our author has, indeed, so far done service to the cause of truth, that he has counteracted many capital errors formerly prevailing as to the universal and indiscriminate encouragement of population under all circumstances; but he has countenanced opposite errors, which if adopted in theory and practice would be even more mischievous, and has left it to future philosophers to follow up the principle, that some check must be provided for the unrestrained progress of population, into a set of wiser and more humane consequences. Mr. Godwin has lately attempted an answer to the Essay (thus giving Mr. Malthus a *Roland for his Oliver*) but we think he has judged ill



N A P O L E O N

Engraved by W. Helli

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Under the Superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge

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SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE.

THIS renowned English lawyer was born in Cheapside, July 10, 1722. His father, an eminent silkman, dying previously to the birth of this fourth son, Mr. Thomas Bigg, maternal uncle, a respectable surgeon, with an affectionate zeal for the welfare of all his sister's children, immediately took on himself the entire care of their education and fortune. About the age of twelve, his mother also died: in the mean time, her youngest son having been early sent to the Charter-house, so rapid was his improvement, that he became head scholar before he was fifteen; and from thence, November 30, 1738, was entered a commoner, at Pembroke college, Oxford. At this early period of life, he obtained Mr. Benson's gold prize-medal of Milton, for verses on that poet; and, before he was twenty, though entered a student of the Middle Temple, he compiled, for his own use only, an ingenious treatise on the Elements of Architecture. In November 1743, he was elected into the society of All Souls college; and, in 1744, admitted actual fellow; from which period, he divided his time between the university and the metropolis. On the 28th of November 1746, he was called to the bar; and few lovers of poetry are unacquainted with his celebrated Lawyer's Farewell to the Muses. Three years afterwards, he was elected recorder of the borough of Wallingford, in Berkshire; and, in April 1750, became doctor of laws. Though so able a lawyer, not possessing the popular powers of oratory, his profits at the bar were insufficient to defray the contingent expenses.

In 1754, he began to read his lectures on the laws of England; and published, soon after, his analysis of these laws, as a guide to his auditors. In July 1756, he was appointed one of the delegates of the Clarendon press, and effected great improvements in that establishment. On the 20th of October 1758, he was unanimously elected first Vinerian professor of the common law; and, on the 25th, read his introductory lecture, since prefixed to his Commentaries. In March 1761, he was returned to the new parliament for Hindon, in Wiltshire; on the 5th of May, married Sarah, eldest surviving daughter of James Clitherow, Esq. of Boston House, Middlesex; and, on the 28th of July, his fellowship at All Souls being vacated by his marriage, he was appointed principal of New Inn Hall. In 1762, he republished several of his pieces, under the title of *Law Tracts*, in 2 vols. 8vo. and, the year following, became solicitor-general to the queen, and a bencher of the Middle Temple.

In November 1764, appeared the first volume of his *Lectures*, under the title of *Commentaries on the Laws of England*; and, in the succeeding years, the other three volumes. This celebrated work astonished the world, by giving to law literature a polish of which it was not thought susceptible. In no former instance, had sound legal knowledge, and elegant literature, been so happily united. In 1770, the abilities of this great and good man were rewarded by his being made one of the Judges of the court of Common Pleas; and the remainder of his life was continually employed either in his professional duties, or in some plan of public utility. He died, February 14, 1780; leaving four surviving sons, and three daughters, out of nine children, the eldest under seventeen. He was buried, by his own direction, in his parish church of St. Peter's, Wallingford; his neighbour and friend, Dr. Barrington, then bishop of Landaff, and since of Durham, agreeably to his particular request, performing the funeral service. Since his death, have been published, pursuant to his will, *Reports of Cases determined in the several Courts of Westminster*, from 1746 to 1779, in 2 vols. folio; with an excellent biographical preface, by his brother-in-law, James Clitherow, Esq. A fine statue of Judge Blackstone, executed by Bacon, has been erected to his memory, in the hall of All Souls, Oxford.

in endeavouring to invalidate the principle, instead of confining himself to point out the misapplication of it. There is one argument introduced in this Reply, which will, perhaps, amuse the reader as a sort of metaphysical puzzle.

“ It has sometimes occurred to me whether Mr. Malthus did not catch the first hint of his geometrical ratio from a curious passage of Judge Blackstone, on consanguinity, which is as follows :—

“ The doctrine of lineal consanguinity is sufficiently plain and obvious; but it is at the first view astonishing to consider the number of lineal ancestors which every man has within no very great number of degrees: and so many different bloods is a man said to contain in his veins, as he hath lineal ancestors. Of these he hath two in the first ascending degree, his own parents; he hath four in the second, the parents of his father and the parents of his mother; he hath eight in the third, the parents of his two grandfathers and two grandmothers; and by the same rule of progression, he hath an hundred and twenty-eight in the seventh; a thousand and twenty-four in the tenth; and at the twentieth degree, or the distance of twenty generations, every man hath above a million of ancestors, as common arithmetic will demonstrate.

“ This will seem surprising to those who are unacquainted with the increasing power of progressive numbers ; but is palpably evident from the following table of a geometrical progression, in which the first term is 2, and the denominator also 2 ; or, to speak more intelligibly, it is evident, for that each of us has two ancestors in the first degree ; the number of which is doubled at every remove, because each of our ancestors had also two ancestors of his own.

<i>Lineal Degrees.</i>				<i>Number of Ancestors.</i>
1	2
2	4
3	8
4	16
5	32
6	64
7	128
8	256
9	512
10	1024
11	2048
12	4096
13	8192
14	16,384
15	32,768
16	65,536
17	131,072
18	262,144
19	524,288
20	1,048,576

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Dessiné par Del.

Gravé par Dore.

“ This argument, however,” (proceeds Mr. Godwin) “ from Judge Blackstone of a geometrical progression would much more naturally apply to Montesquieu’s hypothesis of the depopulation of the world, and prove that the human species is hastening fast to extinction, than to the purpose for which Mr. Malthus has employed it. An ingenious sophism might be raised upon it, to shew that the race of mankind will ultimately terminate in unity. Mr. Malthus, indeed, should have reflected, that it is much more certain that every man has had ancestors than that he will have posterity, and that it is still more doubtful, whether he will have posterity to twenty or to an indefinite number of generations.”—ENQUIRY CONCERNING POPULATION, p. 100.

Mr. Malthus’s style is correct and elegant ; his tone of controversy mild and gentlemanly ; and the care with which he has brought his facts and documents together, deserves the highest praise. He has lately quitted his favourite subject of population, and broke a lance with Mr. Ricardo on the question of rent and value. The partisans of Mr. Ricardo, who are also the admirers of Mr. Malthus, say that the usual sagacity of the latter has here failed him, and that he has shewn himself to be a very illogical

writer. To have said this of him formerly on another ground, was accounted a heresy and a piece of presumption not easily to be forgiven. Indeed Mr. Malthus has always been a sort of "darling in the public eye," whom it was unsafe to meddle with. He has contrived to make himself as many friends by his attacks on the schemes of *Human Perfectibility* and on the *Poor-Laws*, as Mandeville formerly procured enemies by his attacks on *Human Perfections* and on *Charity-Schools*; and among other instances that we might mention, *Plug Pulteney*, the celebrated miser, of whom Mr. Burke said on his having a large estate left him, "that now it was to be hoped he would *set up a pocket-handkerchief*," was so enamoured with the saving schemes and humane economy of the *Essay*, that he desired a friend to find out the author and offer him a church living! This liberal intention was (by design or accident) unhappily frustrated.



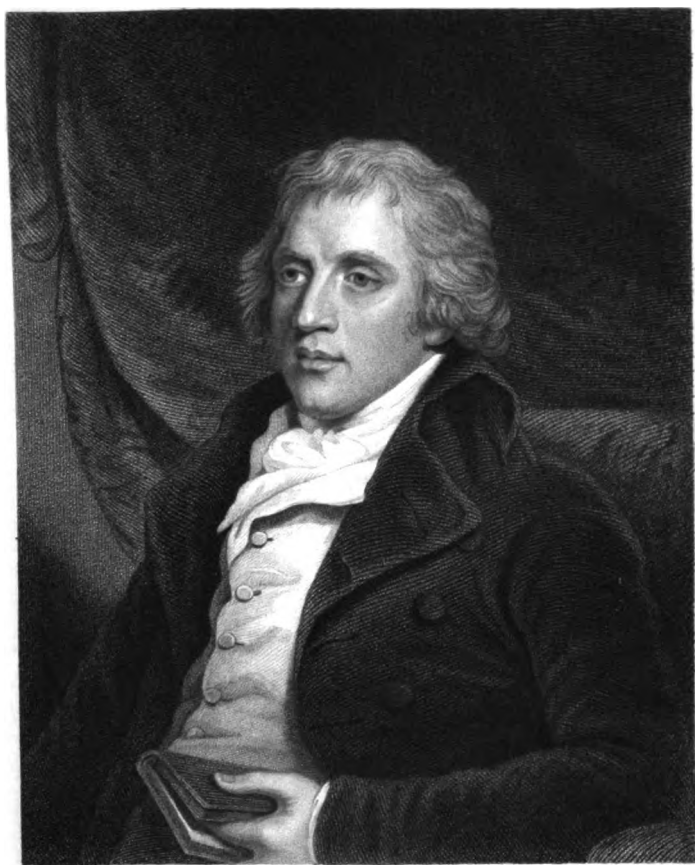
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BURKE.

*From a Picture after Sir Joshua Reynolds
in the possession of J. B. Cooke Esq.*

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MR. GIFFORD.



Painted by J. Hoppner, Esq. R.A.

Engraved by S. Freeman.

WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

W. Gifford

Printed by J. G. S. 1831.

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Painted by Sir Tho: Lawrence P.R.A.

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THE RT HON^{BLE} JOHN WILSON CROKER, M. P. - L. L. D. - F. R. S. &c.

John Croker

LONDON: J. JOHNSON, 178, N. 1.

MR. GIFFORD.

MR. GIFFORD was originally bred to some handicraft: he afterwards contrived to learn Latin, and was for some time an usher in a school, till he became a tutor in a nobleman's family. The low-bred, self-taught man, the pedant, and the dependant on the great contribute to form the Editor of the *Quarterly Review*. He is admirably qualified for this situation, which he has held for some years, by a happy combination of defects, natural and acquired; and in the event of his death, it will be difficult to provide him a suitable successor.

Mr. Gifford has no pretensions to be thought a man of genius, of taste, or even of general knowledge. He merely understands the mechanical and instrumental part of learning.

He is a critic of the last age, when the different editions of an author, or the dates of his several performances were all that occupied the inquiries of a profound scholar, and the spirit of the writer or the beauties of his style were left to shift for themselves, or exercise the fancy of the light and superficial reader. In studying an old author, he has no notion of any thing beyond adjusting a point, proposing a different reading, or correcting, by the collation of various copies, an error of the press. In appreciating a modern one, if it is an enemy, the first thing he thinks of is to charge him with bad grammar—he scans his sentences instead of weighing his sense; or if it is a friend, the highest compliment he conceives it possible to pay him is, that his thoughts and expressions are moulded on some hackneyed model. His standard of *ideal* perfection is what he himself now is, a person of *mediocre* literary attainments: his utmost contempt is shewn by reducing any one to what he himself once was, a person without the ordinary advantages of education and learning. It is accordingly assumed, with much complacency in his critical pages, that Tory writers are classical and courtly as a matter of course; as it is a standing jest and evident truism, that Whigs and

Reformers must be persons of low birth and breeding—imputations from one of which he himself has narrowly escaped, and both of which he holds in suitable abhorrence. He stands over a contemporary performance with all the self-conceit and self-importance of a country schoolmaster, tries it by technical rules, affects not to understand the meaning, examines the hand-writing, the spelling, shrugs up his shoulders and chuckles over a slip of the pen, and keeps a sharp look-out for a false concord and—a flogging. There is nothing liberal, nothing humane in his style of judging: it is altogether petty, captious, and literal. The Editor's political subserviency adds the last finishing to his ridiculous pedantry and vanity. He has all his life been a follower in the train of wealth and power—strives to back his pretensions on Parnassus by a place at court, and to gild his reputation as a man of letters by the smile of greatness. He thinks his works are stamped with additional value by having his name in the *Red-Book*. He looks up to the distinctions of rank and station as he does to those of learning, with the gross and overweening adulation of his early origin. All his notions are low, upstart, servile. He thinks it the highest honour to a poet to be patronised

by a peer or by some dowager of quality. He is prouder of a court-livery than of a laurel-wreath; and is only sure of having established his claims to respectability by having sacrificed those of independence. He is a retainer to the Muses; a door-keeper to learning; a lacquey in the state. He believes that modern literature should wear the fetters of classical antiquity; that truth is to be weighed in the scales of opinion and prejudice; that power is equivalent to right; that genius is dependent on rules; that taste and refinement of language consist in *word-catching*. Many persons suppose that Mr. Gifford knows better than he pretends; and that he is shrewd, artful, and designing. But perhaps it may be nearer the mark to suppose that his dulness is guarantee for his sincerity; or that before he is the tool of the profligacy of others, he is the dupe of his own jaundiced feelings, and narrow, hoodwinked perceptions.

“ Destroy his fib or sophistry: in vain—
The creature's at his dirty work again!”

But this is less from choice or perversity, than because he cannot help it and can do nothing else. He damns a beautiful expression less out of spite than because he really does not understand it: any novelty of thought or sen-

timent gives him a shock from which he cannot recover for some time, and he naturally takes his revenge for the alarm and uneasiness occasioned him, without referring to venal or party motives. He garbles an author's meaning, not so much wilfully, as because it is a pain to him to enlarge his microscopic view to take in the context, when a particular sentence or passage has struck him as quaint and out of the way: he fly-blows an author's style, and picks out detached words and phrases for cynical reprobation, simply because he feels himself at home, or takes a pride and pleasure in this sort of petty warfare. He is tetchy and impatient of contradiction; sore with wounded pride; angry at obvious faults, more angry at unforeseen beauties. He has the *chalk-stones* in his understanding, and from being used to long confinement, cannot bear the slightest jostling or irregularity of motion. He may call out with the fellow in the *Tempest*—"I am not Stephano, but a cramp!" He would go back to the standard of opinions, style, the faded ornaments, and insipid formalities that came into fashion about forty years ago. Flashes of thought, flights of fancy, idiomatic expressions, he sets down among the signs of the times—the extraordinary occurrences of

the age we live in. They are marks of a restless and revolutionary spirit: they disturb his composure of mind, and threaten (by implication) the safety of the state. His slow, snail-paced, bed-rid habits of reasoning cannot keep up with the whirling, eccentric motion, the rapid, perhaps extravagant combinations of modern literature. He has long been stationary himself, and is determined that others shall remain so. The hazarding a paradox is like letting off a pistol close to his ear: he is alarmed and offended. The using an elliptical mode of expression (such as he did not use to find in Guides to the English Tongue) jars him like coming suddenly to a step in a flight of stairs that you were not aware of. He *pishes* and *pshaws* at all this, exercises a sort of interjectional criticism on what excites his spleen, his envy, or his wonder, and hurls his meagre anathemas *ex cathedra* at all those writers who are indifferent alike to his precepts and his example!

Mr. Gifford, in short, is possessed of that sort of learning which is likely to result from an over-anxious desire to supply the want of the first rudiments of education; that sort of wit, which is the offspring of ill-humour or bodily pain; that sort of sense, which arises

from a spirit of contradiction and a disposition to cavil at and dispute the opinions of others ; and that sort of reputation, which is the consequence of bowing to established authority and ministerial influence. He dedicates to some great man, and receives his compliments in return. He appeals to some great name, and the Under-graduates of the two Universities look up to him as an oracle of wisdom. He throws the weight of his verbal criticism and puny discoveries in *black-letter* reading into the gap, that is supposed to be making in the Constitution by Whigs and Radicals, whom he qualifies without mercy as dunces and miscreants ; and so entitles himself to the protection of Church and State. The character of his mind is an utter want of independence and magnanimity in all that he attempts. He cannot go alone, he must have crutches, a go-cart and trammels, or he is timid, fretful, and helpless as a child. He cannot conceive of any thing different from what he finds it, and hates those who pretend to a greater reach of intellect or boldness of spirit than himself. He inclines, by a natural and deliberate bias, to the traditional in laws and government ; to the orthodox in religion ; to the safe in opinion ; to the trite in imagination ; to the technical

in style; to whatever implies a surrender of individual judgment into the hands of authority, and a subjection of individual feeling to mechanic rules. If he finds any one flying in the face of these, or straggling from the beaten path, he thinks he has them at a notable disadvantage, and falls foul of them without loss of time, partly to soothe his own sense of mortified self-consequence, and as an edifying spectacle to his legitimate friends. He takes none but unfair advantages. He *twits* his adversaries (that is, those who are not in the leading-strings of his school or party) with some personal or accidental defect. If a writer has been punished for a political libel, he is sure to hear of it in a literary criticism. If a lady goes on crutches and is out of favour at court, she is reminded of it in Mr. Gifford's manly satire. He sneers at people of low birth or who have not had a college-education, partly to hide his own want of certain advantages, partly as well-timed flattery to those who possess them. He has a right to laugh at poor, unfriended, untitled genius from wearing the livery of rank and letters, as footmen behind a coronet-coach laugh at the rabble. He keeps good company, and forgets himself. He stands at the door of Mr. Murray's shop, and will not



Painted by H. B. Parker, R.A.

Engraved by J. G. Smith

1818-1819-1820-1821

Collector of Lord Byron's Works

London: Published 1838 by T. Tait, 58 Fleet Street

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let any body pass but the well-dressed mob, or some followers of the court. To edge into the *Quarterly* Temple of Fame the candidate must have a diploma from the Universities, a passport from the Treasury. Otherwise, it is a breach of etiquette to let him pass, an insult to the better sort who aspire to the love of letters—and may chance to drop in to the *Feast of the Poets*. Or, if he cannot manage it thus, or get rid of the claim on the bare ground of poverty or want of school-learning, he *trumps* up an excuse for the occasion, such as that “a man was confined in Newgate a short time before”—it is not a *lie* on the part of the critic, it is only an amiable subserviency to the will of his betters, like that of a menial who is ordered to deny his master, a sense of propriety, a knowledge of the world, a poetical and moral license. Such fellows (such is his cue from his employers) should at any rate be kept out of privileged places: persons who have been convicted of prose-libels ought not to be suffered to write poetry—if the fact was not exactly as it was stated, it was something of the kind, or it *ought* to have been so, the assertion was a pious fraud,—the public, the court, the prince himself might read the work, but for this mark of opprobrium set upon it—it was

not to be endured that an insolent plebeian should aspire to elegance, taste, fancy—it was throwing down the barriers which ought to separate the higher and the lower classes, the loyal and the disloyal—the paraphrase of the story of Dante was therefore to perform quarantine, it was to seem not yet recovered from the gaol infection, there was to be a taint upon it, as there was none in it—and all this was performed by a single slip of Mr. Gifford's pen! We would willingly believe (if we could) that in this case there was as much weakness and prejudice as there was malice and cunning.—Again, we do not think it possible that under any circumstances the writer of the *Verses to Anna* could enter into the spirit or delicacy of Mr. Keats's poetry. The fate of the latter somewhat resembled that of

—“ a bud bit by an envious worm,
Ere it could spread its sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate its beauty to the sun.”

Mr. Keats's ostensible crime was that he had been praised in the *Examiner Newspaper*: a greater and more unpardonable offence probably was, that he was a true poet, with all the errors and beauties of youthful genius to answer for. Mr. Gifford was as insensible to the one as he was inexorable to the other. Let the



JOHN KEATS. 244

From the original portrait from life by Severn, owned by Mr. J. G. Speed.

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reader judge from the two subjoined specimens how far the one writer could ever, without a presumption equalled only by a want of self-knowledge, set himself in judgment on the other.

" Out went the taper as she hurried in ;
Its little smoke in pallid moonshine died :
She closed the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air and visions wide :
No utter'd syllable, or woe betide !
But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side ;
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her heart in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.

" A casement high and triple-arch'd there was,
All garlanded with carven imag'ries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd wings ;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens and
kings.

" Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and boon ;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,

U

And on her hair a glory, like a saint :
 She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,
 Save wings, for heaven:—Porphyro grew faint :
 She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

“ Anon his heart revives : her vespers done,
 Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees ;
 Unclassps her warmed jewels one by one ;
 Loosens her fragrant boddice ; by degrees
 Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees :
 Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
 Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
 In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
 But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

“ Soon trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
 In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,
 Until the poppi'd warmth of sleep oppress'd
 Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away
 Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day :
 Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain ;
 Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray ;
 Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
 As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.”

EVE OF ST. AGNES.

With the rich beauties and the dim obscurities
 of lines like these, let us contrast the Verses
 addressed *To a Tuft of early Violets* by the fas-
 tidious author of the Baviad and Mæviad.—

“ Sweet flowers! that from your humble beds
 Thus prematurely dare to rise,
 And trust your unprotected heads
 To cold Aquarius' watery skies.

- “ Retire, retire! *These tepid airs*
 Are not the genial brood of May;
That sun with light malignant glares,
 And flatters only to betray.
- “ Stern Winter's reign is not yet past—
 Lo! while your buds prepare to blow,
 On icy pinions comes the blast,
 And nips your root, and lays you low.
- “ Alas, for such ungentle doom!
 But I will shield you; and supply
 A kindlier soil on which to bloom,
 A nobler bed on which to die.
- “ Come then—'ere yet the morning ray
 Has drunk the dew that gems your crest,
 And drawn your balmiest sweets away;
 O come and grace my Anna's breast.
- “ Ye droop, fond flowers! But did ye know
 What worth, what goodness there reside,
 Your cups with liveliest tints would glow;
 And spread their leaves with conscious pride.
- “ For there has liberal Nature joined
 Her riches to the stores of Art,
 And added to the vigorous mind
 The soft, the sympathising heart.
- “ Come, then—'ere yet the morning ray
 Has drunk the dew that gems your crest,
 And drawn your balmiest sweets away;
 O come and grace my Anna's breast.
- “ O! I should think—*that fragrant bed*
*Might I but hope with you to share—**
 Years of anxiety repaid
 By one short hour of transport there.

* What an awkward bed-fellow for a tuft of violets!

“ More blest than me, thus shall ye live
 Your little day ; and when ye die,
 Sweet flowers ! the grateful Muse shall give
 A verse ; the sorrowing maid, a sigh.

“ While I alas ! no distant date,
 Mix with the dust from whence I came,
 Without a friend to weep my fate,
 Without a stone to tell my name.”

We subjoin one more specimen of these
 “ wild strains”* said to be “ *Written two years
 after the preceding.*” ECCE ITERUM CRISPINUS.

“ I wish I was where Anna lies ;
 For I am sick of lingering here,
 And every hour Affection cries,
 Go, and partake her humble bier.

“ I wish I could ! for when she died
 I lost my all ; and life has prov'd
 Since that sad hour a dreary void,
 A waste unlovely and unlov'd.

“ But who, when I am turn'd to clay,
 Shall duly to her grave repair,
 And pluck the ragged moss away,
 And weeds that have “ no business there ?”

* “ How oft, O Dart ! what time the faithful pair
 Walk'd forth, the fragrant hour of eve to share,
 On thy romantic banks, have my *wild strains*
 (Not yet forgot amidst my native plains)
 While thou hast sweetly gurgled down the vale,
 Filled up the pause of love's delightful tale !

“ And who, with pious hand, shall bring
 The flowers she cherish'd, snow-drops cold,
 And violets that unheeded spring,
 To scatter o'er her hallow'd mould ?
 “ And who, while Memory loves to dwell
 Upon her name for ever dear,
 Shall feel his heart with passion swell,
 And pour the bitter, bitter tear ?

While, ever as she read, the conscious maid,
 By faltering voice and downcast looks betray'd,
 Would blushing on her lover's neck recline,
 And with her finger—point the tenderest line !”

Marviad, pp. 194, 202.

Yet the author assures us just before, that in these “ wild strains ” “ all was plain.”

“ Even then (admire, John Bell ! my simple ways)
 No heaven and hell danced madly through my lays,
 No oaths, no execrations ; *all was plain* ;
 Yet trust me, while thy ever jingling train
 Chime their sonorous woes with frigid art,
 And shock the reason and revolt the heart ;
 My hopes and fears, in nature's language drest,
 Awakened love in many a gentle breast.”

Ibid v. 185—92.

If any one else had composed these “ wild strains,” in which “ all is plain,” Mr. Gifford would have accused them of three things, “ 1. Downright nonsense. 2. Downright frigidity. 3. Downright doggrel ;” and proceeded to anatomise them very cordially in his way. As it is, he is thrilled with a very pleasing horror at his former scenes of tenderness, and “ gasps at the recollection ” of *watery Aquarius !*” *he ! jam satis est !* “ Why rack a grub—a butterfly upon a wheel ?”

- " I DID IT ; and would fate allow,
Should visit still, should still deplore—
But health and strength have left me now,
But I, alas ! can weep no more.
- " Take then, sweet maid ! this simple strain,
The last I offer at thy shrine ;
Thy grave must then undeck'd remain,
And all thy memory fade with mine.
- " And can thy soft persuasive look,
That voice that might with music vie,
Thy air that every gazer took,
Thy matchless eloquence of eye,
- " Thy spirits, frolicsome as good,
Thy courage, by no ills dismay'd,
Thy patience, by no wrongs subdued,
Thy gay good-humour—can they " fade ?"
- " Perhaps—but sorrow dims my eye :
Cold turf, which I no more must view,
Dear name, which I no more must sigh,
A long, a last, a sad adieu !"

It may be said in extenuation of the low, mechanic vein of these impoverished lines, that they were written at an early age—they were the inspired production of a youthful lover ! Mr. Gifford was thirty when he wrote them, Mr. Keats died when he was scarce twenty ! Farther it may be said, that Mr. Gifford hazarded his first poetical attempts under all the disadvantages of a neglected education : but the same circumstance,

together with a few unpruned redundancies of fancy and quaintnesses of expression, was made the plea on which Mr. Keats was hooted out of the world, and his fine talents and wounded sensibilities consigned to an early grave. In short, the treatment of this heedless candidate for poetical fame might serve as a warning, and was intended to serve as a warning to all unfledged tyros, how they venture upon any such doubtful experiments, except under the auspices of some lord of the bed-chamber or Government Aristarchus, and how they imprudently associate themselves with men of mere popular talent or independence of feeling!—It is the same in prose works. The Editor scorns to enter the lists of argument with any proscribed writer of the opposite party. He does not refute, but denounces him. He makes no concessions to an adversary, lest they should in some way be turned against him. He only feels himself safe in the fancied insignificance of others: he only feels himself superior to those whom he stigmatizes as the lowest of mankind. All persons are without common-sense and honesty who do not believe implicitly (with him) in the immaculateness of Ministers and the divine origin of Kings. Thus he informed the world that the author of **TABLE-TALK** was a person who could

not write a sentence of common English and could hardly spell his own name, because he was not a friend to the restoration of the Bourbons, and had the assurance to write *Characters of Shakespear's Plays* in a style of criticism somewhat different from Mr. Gifford's. He charged this writer with imposing on the public by a flowery style; and when the latter ventured to refer to a work of his, called *An Essay on the Principles of Human Action*, which has not a single ornament in it, as a specimen of his original studies and the proper bias of his mind, the learned critic, with a shrug of great self-satisfaction, said, "It was amusing to see this person, sitting like one of Brouwer's Dutch boors over his gin and tobacco-pipes, and fancying himself a Leibnitz!" The question was, whether the subject of Mr. Gifford's censure had ever written such a work or not; for if he had, he had amused himself with something besides gin and tobacco-pipes. But our Editor, by virtue of the situation he holds, is superior to facts or arguments: he is accountable neither to the public nor to authors for what he says of them, but owes it to his employers to prejudice the work and vilify the writer, if the latter is not avowedly ready to range himself on the stronger side.—The *Quarterly Review*, besides the political



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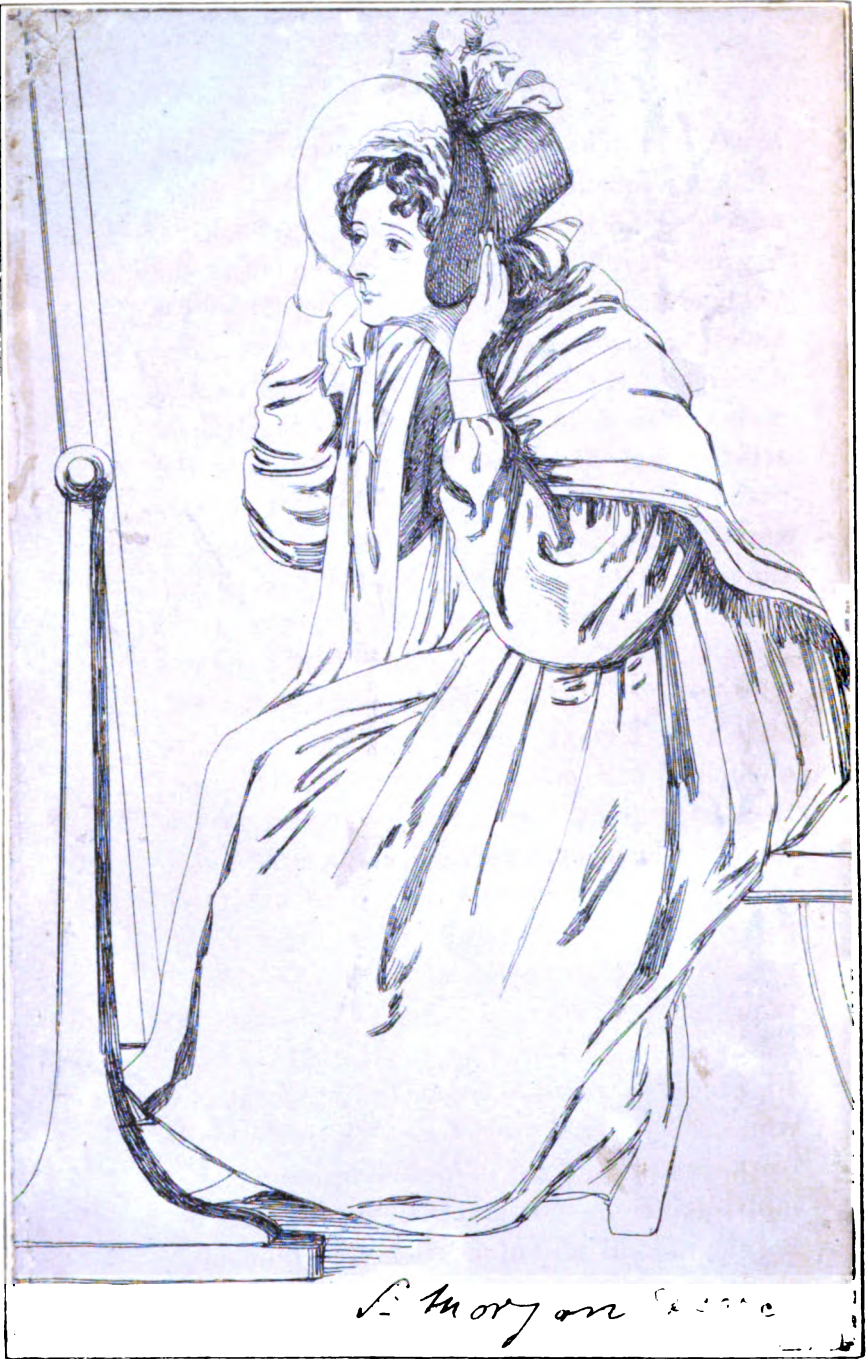
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ISAAC D'ISRAELI, ESQ.

ENGRAVED BY G. COOK FROM THE ORIGINAL BY PENNING.

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tirades and denunciations of suspected writers, intended for the guidance of the heads of families, is filled up with accounts of books of Voyages and Travels for the amusement of the younger branches. The poetical department is almost a sinecure, consisting of mere summary decisions and a list of quotations. Mr. Croker is understood to contribute the St. Helena articles and the liberality, Mr. Canning the practical good sense, Mr. D'Israeli the good-nature, Mr. Jacob the modesty, Mr. Southey the consistency, and the Editor himself the chivalrous spirit and the attacks on Lady Morgan. It is a double crime, and excites a double portion of spleen in the Editor, when female writers are not advocates of passive obedience and non-resistance. This Journal, then, is a depository for every species of political sophistry and personal calumny. There is no abuse or corruption that does not there find a jesuitical palliation or a bare-faced vindication. There we meet the slime of hypocrisy, the varnish of courts, the cant of pedantry, the cobwebs of the law, the iron hand of power. Its object is as mischievous as the means by which it is pursued are odious. The intention is to poison the sources of public opinion and of individual fame—to pervert literature, from being the natural ally of freedom and humanity,

into an engine of priestcraft and despotism, and to undermine the spirit of the English Constitution and the independence of the English character. The Editor and his friends systematically explode every principle of liberty, laugh patriotism and public spirit to scorn, resent every pretence to integrity as a piece of singularity or insolence, and strike at the root of all free inquiry or discussion, by running down every writer as a vile scribbler and a bad member of society, who is not a hireling and a slave. No means are stuck at in accomplishing this laudable end. Strong in patronage, they trample on truth, justice, and decency. They claim the privilege of court-favourites. They keep as little faith with the public, as with their opponents. No statement in the *Quarterly Review* is to be trusted: there is no fact that is not misrepresented in it, no quotation that is not garbled, no character that is not slandered, if it can answer the purposes of a party to do so. The weight of power, of wealth, of rank is thrown into the scale, gives its impulse to the machine; and the whole is under the guidance of Mr. Gifford's instinctive genius—of the in-born hatred of servility for independence, of dulness for talent, of cunning and impudence

for truth and honesty. It costs him no effort to execute his disreputable task—in being the tool of a crooked policy, he but labours in his natural vocation. He patches up a rotten system as he would supply the chasms in a worm-eaten manuscript, from a grovelling incapacity to do any thing better; thinks that if a single iota in the claims of prerogative and power were lost, the whole fabric of society would fall upon his head and crush him; and calculates that his best chance for literary reputation is by *black-balling* one half of the competitors as Jacobins and levellers, and securing the suffrages of the other half in his favour as a loyal subject and trusty partisan!

Mr. Gifford, as a satirist, is violent and abrupt. He takes obvious or physical defects, and dwells upon them with much labour and harshness of invective, but with very little wit or spirit. He expresses a great deal of anger and contempt, but you cannot tell very well why—except that he seems to be sore and out of humour. His satire is mere peevishness and spleen, or something worse—personal antipathy and rancour. We are in quite as much pain for the writer, as for the object of his resentment. His address to Peter

Pindar is laughable from its outrageousness. He denounces him as a wretch hateful to God and man, for some of the most harmless and amusing trifles that ever were written—and the very good-humour and pleasantry of which, we suspect, constituted their offence in the eyes of this Drawcansir.—His attacks on Mrs Robinson were unmanly, and even those on Mr. Merry and the Della-Cruscan School were much more ferocious than the occasion warranted. A little affectation and quaintness of style did not merit such severity of castigation.* As a translator, Mr. Gifford's version of the Roman satirist is the baldest, and, in parts, the most offensive of all others. We do not know why he attempted it, unless he had got it in his head that he should thus follow in the steps of Dryden, as he had already done in those of Pope in the Baviad and Mæviad. As an editor of old authors, Mr. Gifford is entitled to considerable praise for the pains he has taken in revising the text, and for some improvements he has introduced into it. He had better have spared the notes, in which, though he has detected the blunders of previous commentators, he has exposed his own

* Mr. Merry was even with our author in personality of abuse. See his Lines on the Story of the Ape that was given in charge to the ex-tutor.



DR. WOLCOTT.

THIS facetious writer, commonly known by the name of Peter Pindar, was born at Dodbrook, in Devonshire, in the year 1737; his parents being respectable, he was educated at the grammar school at Kingsbridge, and hence was sent to France, to finish his education. On his return he was taken apprentice by an unmarried uncle, a surgeon and apothecary, at Fowey, in Cornwall. Having a very early taste for drawing and versification, the pencil and the pen divided his leisure hours. Coming to London, on the expiration of his apprenticeship, he continued his medical studies in the hospitals; but when Sir William Trelawney, a distant relative of the family, was appointed governor of Jamaica in 1766, he took Mr. Wolcott out with him as his physician. At what period the latter obtained the degree of M.D. is not quite clear; however, he had not been long in Jamaica before his patron, seeming to think him equally as fit for the cure of souls as of bodies, recommended him to officiate as rector of St. Anne's Church, and afterwards gave him the living of Vere, where Peter placed a curate, residing himself at the government house, in Spanish Town. After the decease of Sir William Trelawney, he returned home and practised as a physician at Truro, where a legacy of 2000*l.* left him by his old master and uncle, with the profits of his profession, might have enabled him to have lived respectably; but the indulgence of his satirical vein was preferred to every other consideration. A circumstance that marked this period was his discovery of the genius of young Opie, the painter, while labouring, it is said, in a saw-pit: his shining talents soon released him from the menial services in which he was employed by Pindar.

The hostility of the latter to the King was for many years rancorous in the extreme: Peter, it seems, never forgave any one who differed with him. His first publication, under the signature of Peter Pindar, was the "Epistle to those literary Colossuses, the Reviewers." Between 1782 and 1786, the "Lyric Odes to the Royal Academicians" appeared, and the author quitted Truro, and threw himself upon London as a writer by profession. In the poem called "Peter's Pension," (a solemn epistle to a sublime personage, between jest and earnest,) as he expressed his willingness to be pensioned, it was soon after offered and accepted; but with this condition on his part, "that he should write no praise, but would muzzle his muse." Things went on upon this footing two quarters, when, the secretary of the treasury hinting that active co-operation was expected, the satirist was offended, and he hastily withdrew, refusing to take the pension, of which one half year, amounting to 100*l.* was then due. In justice to the poet, it must be acknowledged, that subsequently to the melancholy events of 1788-9, he never unbridled the licentiousness of his muse upon his sovereign.

Pindar was no friend to the French Revolution; and about 1792 he attacked Tom Paine with the strong force of his ridicule. By a law-suit with his booksellers, which was compromised, it appeared they allowed him 250*l.* a year for the copyright of his works. With public and private persons, whom he had generally made his enemies, he was almost continually embroiled; and, when upwards of 70, was prosecuted for attempting criminal conversation with the young wife of a tradesman he employed.

Latterly, brandy was supposed to be his principal beverage; and, after being long subjected to a decay of sight and the use of his limbs, he died on the 13th of January, 1819. His remains, agreeably to his request, were deposited in a vault at St. Paul's, Covent Garden, as near as possible to those of the author of *Hodibras*.

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Vera ac Viva Effigies
PHILIPPI MASSINGER. Gen^a

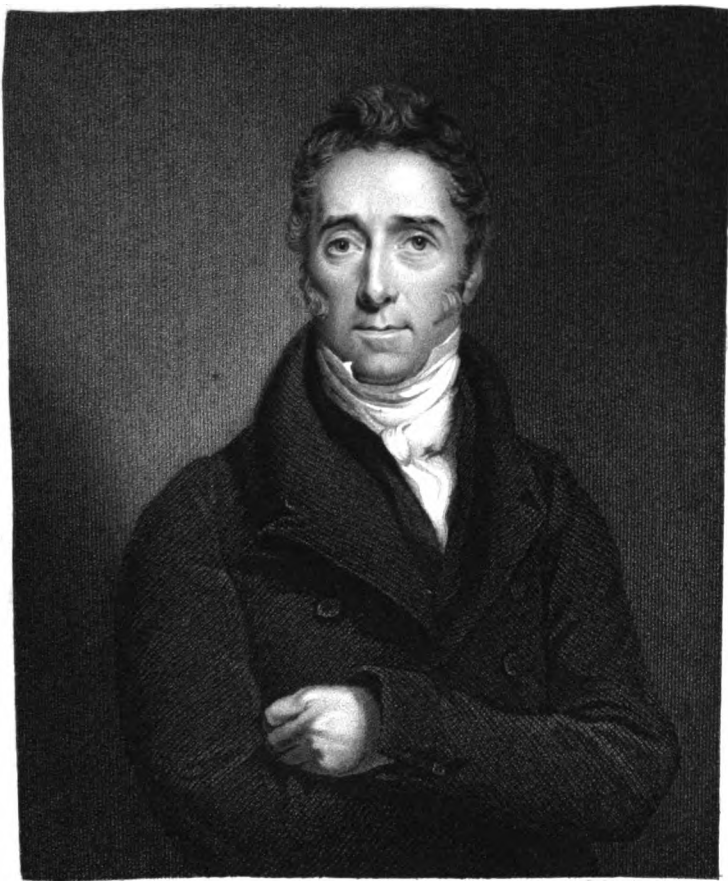
ill-temper and narrowness of feeling more. As a critic, he has thrown no light on the character and spirit of his authors. He has shewn no striking power of analysis nor of original illustration, though he has chosen to exercise his pen on writers most congenial to his own turn of mind, from their dry and caustic vein; Massinger, and Ben Jonson. What he will make of Marlowe, it is difficult to guess. He has none of "the fiery quality" of the poet. Mr. Gifford does not take for his motto on these occasions—*Spiritus precipitandus est!*—His most successful efforts in this way are barely respectable. In general, his observations are petty, ill-concocted, and discover as little *tact*, as they do a habit of connected reasoning. Thus, for instance, in attempting to add the name of Massinger to the list of Catholic poets, our minute critic insists on the profusion of crucifixes, glories, angelic visions, garlands of roses, and clouds of incense scattered through the *Virgin-Martyr*, as evidence of the theological sentiments meant to be inculcated by the play, when the least reflection might have taught him, that they proved nothing but the author's poetical conception of the character and *costume* of his subject. A writer might, with the same sinister, short-

sighted shrewdness, be accused of Heathenism for talking of Flora and Ceres in a poem on the Seasons! What are produced as the exclusive badges and occult proofs of Catholic bigotry, are nothing but the adventitious ornaments and external symbols, the gross and sensible language, in a word, the *poetry* of Christianity in general. What indeed shews the frivolousness of the whole inference is that Deckar, who is asserted by our critic to have contributed some of the most passionate and fantastic of these devotional scenes, is not even suspected of a leaning to Popery. In like manner, he excuses Massinger for the grossness of one of his plots (that of the *Unnatural Combat*) by saying that it was supposed to take place before the Christian era; by this shallow common-place persuading himself, or fancying he could persuade others, that the crime in question (which yet on the very face of the story is made the ground of a tragic catastrophe) was first made *statutory* by the Christian religion.

The foregoing is a harsh criticism, and may be thought illiberal. But as Mr. Gifford assumes a right to say what he pleases of others—they may be allowed to speak the truth of him!

MR. JEFFREY.

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Painted by George Smith.

Engraved by G. Tuckey.

FRANCIS JEFFREY, ESQ^{RE}

F. Jeffrey

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MR. JEFFREY.

THE *Quarterly Review* arose out of the *Edinburgh*, not as a corollary, but in contradiction to it. An article had appeared in the latter on Don Pedro Cevallos, which stung the Tories to the quick by the free way in which it spoke of men and things, and something must be done to check these *escapades* of the *Edinburgh*. It was not to be endured that the truth should *out* in this manner, even occasionally and half in jest. A startling shock was thus given to established prejudices, the mask was taken off from grave hypocrisy, and the most serious consequences were to be apprehended. The persons who wrote in this Review seemed "to have their hands full of truths," and now and then, in a fit of spleen

or gaiety, let some of them fly ; and while this practice continued, it was impossible to say that the Monarchy or the Hierarchy was safe. Some of the arrows glanced, others might stick, and in the end prove fatal. It was not the principles of the *Edinburgh Review*, but the spirit that was looked at with jealousy and alarm. The principles were by no means decidedly hostile to existing institutions : but the spirit was that of fair and free discussion ; a field was open to argument and wit ; every question was tried upon its own ostensible merits, and there was no foul play. The tone was that of a studied impartiality (which many called *trimming*) or of a sceptical indifference. This tone of impartiality and indifference, however, did not at all suit those who profited or existed by abuses, who breathed the very air of corruption. They know well enough that “ those who are not *for* them are *against* them.” They wanted a publication impervious alike to truth and candour ; that, hood-winked itself, should lead public opinion blindfold ; that should stick at nothing to serve the turn of a party ; that should be the exclusive organ of prejudice, the sordid tool of power ; that should go the whole length of want of principle in palliating every dis-

honest measure, of want of decency in defaming every honest man ; that should prejudge every question, traduce every opponent ; that should give no quarter to fair inquiry or liberal sentiment ; that should be “ ugly all over with hypocrisy,” and present one foul blotch of servility, intolerance, falsehood, spite, and ill-manners. The *Quarterly Review* was accordingly set up.

“ Sithence no fairy lights, no quickning ray,
 Nor stir of pulse, nor object to entice
 Abroad the spirits ; but the cloister'd heart
 Sits squat at home, like Pagod in a niche
 Obscure !”

This event was accordingly hailed (and the omen has been fulfilled !) as a great relief to all those of his Majesty's subjects who are firmly convinced that the only way to have things remain exactly as they are is to put a stop to all inquiries whether they are right or wrong, and that if you cannot answer a man's arguments, you may at least try to take away his character.

We do not implicitly bow to the political opinions, nor to the critical decisions of the *Edinburgh Review* ; but we must do justice to the talent with which they are supported, and to the tone of manly explicitness in which they

are delivered.* They are eminently characteristic of the Spirit of the Age; as it is the express object of the *Quarterly Review* to discountenance and extinguish that spirit, both in theory and practice. The *Edinburgh Review* stands upon the ground of opinion; it asserts the supremacy of intellect: the pre-eminence it claims is from an acknowledged superiority of talent and information and literary attainment, and it does not build one tittle of its influence on ignorance, or prejudice, or authority, or personal malevolence. It takes up a question, and argues it *pro* and *con* with great knowledge and boldness and skill; it points out an absurdity, and runs it down, fairly, and according to the evidence adduced. In the former case, its conclusions may be wrong, there may be a bias in the mind of the writer, but he states the arguments and circumstances on both sides, from which a judgment is to be formed—it is not his cue, he has neither the effrontery nor the meanness to falsify facts or to suppress objections. In the latter case, or where a vein of sarcasm or irony is resorted to,

* The style of philosophical criticism, which has been the boast of the *Edinburgh Review*, was first introduced into the *Monthly Review* about the year 1796, in a series of articles by Mr. William Taylor, of Norwich.

the ridicule is not barbed by some allusion (false or true) to private history ; the object of it has brought the infliction on himself by some literary folly or political delinquency which is referred to as the understood and justifiable provocation, instead of being held up to scorn as a knave for not being a tool, or as a block-head for thinking for himself. In the *Edinburgh Review* the talents of those on the opposite side are always extolled *pleno ore*—in the *Quarterly Review* they are denied altogether, and the justice that is in this way withheld from them is compensated by a proportionable supply of personal abuse. A man of genius who is a lord, and who publishes with Mr. Murray, may now and then stand as good a chance as a lord who is not a man of genius and who publishes with Messrs. Longman : but that is the utmost extent of the impartiality of the *Quarterly*. From its account you would take Lord Byron and Mr. Stuart Rose for two very pretty poets ; but Mr. Moore's Magdalen Muse is sent to Bridewell without mercy, to beat hemp in silk-stockings. In the *Quarterly* nothing is regarded but the political creed or external circumstances of a writer : in the *Edinburgh* nothing is ever adverted to but his literary merits. Or if there is a bias of any

kind, it arises from an affectation of magnanimity and candour in giving heaped measure to those on the aristocratic side in politics, and in being critically severe on others. Thus Sir Walter Scott is lauded to the skies for his romantic powers, without any allusion to his political demerits (as if this would be compromising the dignity of genius and of criticism by the introduction of party-spirit)—while Lord Byron is called to a grave moral reckoning. There is, however, little of the cant of morality in the *Edinburgh Review*—and it is quite free from that of religion. It keeps to its province, which is that of criticism—or to the discussion of debateable topics, and acquits itself in both with force and spirit. This is the natural consequence of the composition of the two Reviews. The one appeals with confidence to its own intellectual resources, to the variety of its topics, to its very character and existence as a literary journal, which depend on its setting up no pretensions but those which it can make good by the talent and ingenuity it can bring to bear upon them—it therefore meets every question, whether of a lighter or a graver cast, on its own grounds; the other *blinks* every question, for it has no confidence but in *the powers that be*—shuts itself up in the impreg-



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LIFE OF
JAMES HENRY STUART

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nable fastnesses of authority, or makes some paltry, cowardly attack (under cover of anonymous criticism) on individuals, or dispenses its award of merit entirely according to the rank or party of the writer. The faults of the *Edinburgh Review* arise out of the very consciousness of critical and logical power. In political questions it relies too little on the broad basis of liberty and humanity, enters too much into mere dry formalities, deals too often in *moot-points*, and descends too readily to a sort of special-pleading in defence of *home* truths and natural feelings: in matters of taste and criticism, its tone is sometimes apt to be supercilious and *cavalier* from its habitual faculty of analysing defects and beauties according to given principles, from its quickness in deciding, from its facility in illustrating its views. In this latter department it has been guilty of some capital oversights. The chief was in its treatment of the *Lyrical Ballads* at their first appearance—not in its ridicule of their puerilities, but in its denial of their beauties, because they were included in no school, because they were reducible to no previous standard or theory of poetical excellence. For this, however, considerable reparation has been made by the prompt and liberal spirit that has been

shewn in bringing forward other examples of poetical genius. Its capital sin, in a doctrinal point of view, has been (we shrewdly suspect) in the uniform and unqualified encouragement it has bestowed on Mr. Malthus's system. We do not mean that the *Edinburgh Review* was to join in the general *hue and cry* that was raised against this writer; but while it asserted the soundness of many of his arguments, and yielded its assent to the truths he has divulged, it need not have screened his errors. On this subject alone we think the *Quarterly* has the advantage of it. But as the *Quarterly Review* is a mere mass and tissue of prejudices on all subjects, it is the foible of the *Edinburgh Review* to affect a somewhat fastidious air of superiority over prejudices of all kinds, and a determination not to indulge in any of the amiable weaknesses of our nature, except as it can give a reason for the faith that is in it. Luckily, it is seldom reduced to this alternative: "reasons" are with it "as plenty as blackberries!"

Mr. Jeffrey is the Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, and is understood to have contributed nearly a fourth part of the articles from its commencement. No man is better qualified for this situation; nor indeed so much so. He

is certainly a person in advance of the age, and yet perfectly fitted both from knowledge and habits of mind to put a curb upon its rash and headlong spirit. He is thoroughly acquainted with the progress and pretensions of modern literature and philosophy ; and to this he adds the natural acuteness and discrimination of the logician with the habitual caution and coolness of his profession. If the *Edinburgh Review* may be considered as the organ of or at all pledged to a party, that party is at least a respectable one, and is placed in the middle between two extremes. The Editor is bound to lend a patient hearing to the most paradoxical opinions and extravagant theories which have resulted in our times from the "infinite agitation of wit," but he is disposed to qualify them by a number of practical objections, of speculative doubts, of checks and drawbacks, arising out of actual circumstances and prevailing opinions, or the frailties of human nature. He has a great range of knowledge, an incessant activity of mind ; but the suspension of his judgment, the well-balanced moderation of his sentiments, is the consequence of the very discursiveness of his reason. What may be considered as a *common-place* conclusion is often the result of a compre-

hensive view of all the circumstances of a case. Paradox, violence, nay even originality of conception is not seldom owing to our dwelling long and pertinaciously on some one part of a subject, instead of attending to the whole. Mr. Jeffrey is neither a bigot nor an enthusiast. He is not the dupe of the prejudices of others, nor of his own. He is not wedded to any dogma, he is not long the sport of any whim; before he can settle in any fond or fantastic opinion, another starts up to match it, like beads on sparkling wine. A too restless display of talent, a too undisguised statement of all that can be said for and against a question, is perhaps the great fault that is to be attributed to him. Where there is so much power and prejudice to contend with in the opposite scale, it may be thought that the balance of truth can hardly be held with a slack or an even hand; and that the infusion of a little more visionary speculation, of a little more popular indignation into the great Whig Review would be an advantage both to itself and to the cause of freedom. Much of this effect is chargeable less on an Epicurean levity of feeling or on party-trammels, than on real sanguineness of disposition, and a certain fineness of professional tact. Our sprightly

Scotchman is not of a desponding and gloomy turn of mind. He argues well for the future hopes of mankind from the smallest beginnings, watches the slow, gradual, reluctant growth of liberal views, and smiling sees the aloe of Reform blossom at the end of a hundred years; while the habitual subtlety of his mind makes him perceive decided advantages where vulgar ignorance or passion sees only doubts and difficulty; and a flaw in an adversary's argument stands him instead of the shout of a mob, the votes of a majority, or the fate of a pitched battle. The Editor is satisfied with his own conclusions, and does not make himself uneasy about the fate of mankind. The issue, he thinks, will verify his moderate and well-founded expectations.—We believe also that late events have given a more decided turn to Mr. Jeffrey's mind, and that he feels that as in the struggle between liberty and slavery, the views of the one party have been laid bare with their success, so the exertions on the other side should become more strenuous, and a more positive stand be made against the avowed and appalling encroachments of priestcraft and arbitrary power.

The characteristics of Mr. Jeffrey's general style as a writer correspond, we think, with

what we have here stated as the characteristics of his mind. He is a master of the foils; he makes an exulting display of the dazzling fence of wit and argument. His strength consists in great range of knowledge, an equal familiarity with the principles and the details of a subject, and in a glancing brilliancy and rapidity of style. Indeed, we doubt whether the brilliancy of his manner does not resolve itself into the rapidity, the variety and aptness of his illustrations. His pen is never at a loss, never stands still; and would dazzle for this reason alone, like an eye that is ever in motion. Mr. Jeffrey is far from a flowery or affected writer; he has few tropes or figures, still less any odd startling thoughts or quaint innovations in expression:—but he has a constant supply of ingenious solutions and pertinent examples; he never prosés, never grows dull, never wears an argument to tatters; and by the number, the liveliness and facility of his transitions, keeps up that appearance of vivacity, of novel and sparkling effect, for which others are too often indebted to singularity of combination or tinsel ornaments.

It may be discovered, by a nice observer, that Mr. Jeffrey's style of composition is that of a person accustomed to public speaking.

There is no pause, no meagreness, no inanimateness, but a flow, a redundancy and volubility like that of a stream or of a rolling-stone. The language is more copious than select, and sometimes two or three words perform the office of one. This copiousness and facility is perhaps an advantage in *extempore* speaking, where no stop or break is allowed in the discourse, and where any word or any number of words almost is better than coming to a dead stand; but in written compositions it gives an air of either too much carelessness or too much labour. Mr. Jeffrey's excellence, as a public speaker, has betrayed him into this peculiarity. He makes fewer *blots* in addressing an audience than any one we remember to have heard. There is not a hair's-breadth space between any two of his words, nor is there a single expression either ill-chosen or out of its place. He speaks without stopping to take breath, with ease, with point, with elegance, and without "spinning the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument." He may be said to weave words into any shapes he pleases for use or ornament, as the glass-blower moulds the vitreous fluid with his breath; and his sentences shine like glass from their polished smoothness, and are equally

transparent. His style of eloquence, indeed, is remarkable for neatness, for correctness, and epigrammatic point; and he has applied this as a standard to his written compositions, where the very same degree of correctness and precision produces, from the contrast between writing and speaking, an agreeable diffuseness, freedom, and animation. Whenever the Scotch advocate has appeared at the bar of the English House of Lords, he has been admired by those who were in the habit of attending to speeches there, as having the greatest fluency of language and the greatest subtlety of distinction of any one of the profession. The law-reporters were as little able to follow him from the extreme rapidity of his utterance as from the tenuity and evanescent nature of his reasoning.

Mr. Jeffrey's conversation is equally lively, various, and instructive. There is no subject on which he is not *au fait*: no company in which he is not ready to scatter his pearls for sport. Whether it be politics, or poetry, or science, or anecdote, or wit, or raillery, he takes up his cue without effort, without preparation, and appears equally incapable of tiring himself or his hearers. His only difficulty seems to be not to speak, but to be silent. There is a constitutional buoyancy and elasti-

city of mind about him that cannot subside into repose, much less sink into dulness. There may be more original talkers, persons who occasionally surprise or interest you more; few, if any, with a more uninterrupted flow of cheerfulness and animal spirits, with a greater fund of information, and with fewer specimens of the *bathos* in their conversation. He is never absurd, nor has he any favourite points which he is always bringing forward. It cannot be denied that there is something bordering on petulance of manner, but it is of that least offensive kind which may be accounted for from merit and from success, and implies no exclusive pretensions nor the least particle of ill-will to others. On the contrary, Mr. Jeffrey is profuse of his encomiums and admiration of others, but still with a certain reservation of a right to differ or to blame. He cannot rest on one side of a question: he is obliged by a mercurial habit and disposition to vary his point of view. If he is ever tedious, it is from an excess of liveliness: he oppresses from a sense of airy lightness. He is always setting out on a fresh scent: there are always *relays* of topics; the harness is put to, and he rattles away as delightfully and as briskly as ever. New causes are called; he

holds a brief in his hand for every possible question. This is a fault. Mr. Jeffrey is not obtrusive, is not impatient of opposition, is not unwilling to be interrupted; but what is said by another, seems to make no impression on him; he is bound to dispute, to answer it, as if he was in Court, or as if it were in a paltry Debating Society, where young beginners were trying their hands. This is not to maintain a character, or for want of good-nature—it is a thoughtless habit. He cannot help cross-examining a witness, or stating the adverse view of the question. He listens not to judge, but to reply. In consequence of this, you can as little tell the impression your observations make on him as what weight to assign to his. Mr. Jeffrey shines in mixed company; he is not good in a *tête-à-tête*. You can only shew your wisdom or your wit in general society: but in private your follies or your weaknesses are not the least interesting topics; and our critic has neither any of his own to confess, nor does he take delight in hearing those of others. Indeed in Scotland generally, the display of personal character, the indulging your whims and humours in the presence of a friend, is not much encouraged—every one there is looked upon in the light of a machine

or a collection of topics. They turn you round like a cylinder to see what use they can make of you, and drag you into a dispute with as little ceremony as they would drag out an article from an Encyclopedia. They criticise every thing, analyse every thing, argue upon every thing, dogmatise upon every thing; and the bundle of your habits, feelings, humours, follies and pursuits is regarded by them no more than a bundle of old clothes. They stop you in a sentiment by a question or a stare, and cut you short in a narrative by the time of night. The accomplished and ingenious person of whom we speak, has been a little infected by the tone of his countrymen—he is too didactic, too pugnacious, too full of electrical shocks, too much like a voltaic battery, and reposes too little on his own excellent good sense, his own love of ease, his cordial frankness of disposition and unaffected candour. He ought to have belonged to us!

The severest of critics (as he has been sometimes termed) is the best-natured of men. Whatever there may be of wavering or indecision in Mr. Jeffrey's reasoning, or of harshness in his critical decisions, in his disposition there is nothing but simplicity and kindness.

He is a person that no one knows without esteeming, and who both in his public connections and private friendships, shews the same manly uprightness and unbiassed independence of spirit. At a distance, in his writings, or even in his manner, there may be something to excite a little uneasiness and apprehension: in his conduct there is nothing to except against. He is a person of strict integrity himself, without pretence or affectation; and knows how to respect this quality in others, without prudery or intolerance. He can censure a friend or a stranger, and serve him effectually at the same time. He expresses his disapprobation, but not as an excuse for closing up the avenues of his liberality. He is a Scotchman without one particle of hypocrisy, of cant, of servility, or selfishness in his composition. He has not been spoiled by fortune—has not been tempted by power—is firm without violence, friendly without weakness—a critic and even-tempered, a casuist and an honest man—and amidst the toils of his profession and the distractions of the world, retains the gaiety, the unpretending carelessness and simplicity of youth. Mr. Jeffrey in his person is slight, with a countenance of much expression, and a voice of great flexibility and acuteness of tone.

**MR. BROUGHAM—SIR FRANCIS
BURDETT.**



Painted by Sir Tho^s Lawrence, P. R. A.

Engraved by H^y Robinson.

THE RT HON^{ble} HENRY BROUGHAM, BARON BROUGHAM & VAUX
 LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN, &c &c

Brougham

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MR. BROUGHAM—SIR F. BURDETT.

THERE is a class of eloquence which has been described and particularly insisted on, under the style and title of *Irish Eloquence*: there is another class which it is not absolutely unfair to oppose to this, and that is the Scotch. The first of these is entirely the offspring of *impulse*: the last of *mechanism*. The one is as full of fancy as it is bare of facts: the other excludes all fancy, and is weighed down with facts. The one is all fire, the other all ice: the one nothing but enthusiasm, extravagance, eccentricity; the other nothing but logical deductions, and the most approved postulates. The one without scruple, nay, with reckless zeal, throws the reins loose on the neck of the imagination: the other pulls up with a curb-

bridle, and starts at every casual object it meets in the way as a bug-bear. The genius of Irish oratory stands forth in the naked majesty of untutored nature, its eye glancing wildly round on all objects, its tongue darting forked fire: the genius of Scottish eloquence is armed in all the panoply of the schools; its drawling, ambiguous dialect seconds its circumspect dialectics; from behind the vizor that guards its mouth and shadows its pent-up brows, it sees no visions but its own set purpose, its own *data*, and its own dogmas. It "has no figures, nor no fantasies," but "those which busy care draws in the brains of men," or which set off its own superior acquirements and wisdom. It scorns to "tread the primrose path of dalliance"—it shrinks back from it as from a precipice, and keeps in the iron rail-way of the understanding. Irish oratory, on the contrary, is a sort of æronaut: it is always going up in a balloon, and breaking its neck, or coming down in the parachute. It is filled full with gaseous matter, with whim and fancy, with alliteration and antithesis, with heated passion and bloated metaphors, that burst the slender, silken covering of sense; and the airy pageant, that glittered in empty space and rose in all the bliss of ignorance, flutters and sinks

down to its native bogs! If the Irish orator riots in a studied neglect of his subject and a natural confusion of ideas, playing with words, ranging them into all sorts of fantastic combinations, because in the unlettered void or chaos of his mind there is no obstacle to their coalescing into any shapes they please, it must be confessed that the eloquence of the Scotch is encumbered with an excess of knowledge, that it cannot get on for a crowd of difficulties, that it staggers under a load of topics, that it is so environed in the forms of logic and rhetoric as to be equally precluded from originality or absurdity, from beauty or deformity:—the plea of humanity is lost by going through the process of law, the firm and manly tone of principle is exchanged for the wavering and pitiful cant of policy, the living bursts of passion are reduced to a defunct *common-place*, and all true imagination is buried under the dust and rubbish of learned models and imposing authorities. If the one is a bodiless phantom, the other is a lifeless skeleton: if the one in its feverish and hectic extravagance resembles a sick man's dream, the other is akin to the sleep of death—cold, stiff, unfeeling, monumental! Upon the whole, we despair less of the first than of the last, for the principle of

life and motion is, after all, the primary condition of all genius. The luxuriant wildness of the one may be disciplined, and its excesses sobered down into reason; but the dry and rigid formality of the other can never burst the shell or husk of oratory. It is true that the one is disfigured by the puerilities and affectation of a Phillips; but then it is redeemed by the manly sense and fervour of a Plunket, the impassioned appeals and flashes of wit of a Curran, and by the golden tide of wisdom, eloquence, and fancy, that flowed from the lips of a Burke. In the other, we do not sink so low in the negative series; but we get no higher in the ascending scale than a Mackintosh or a Brougham.* It may be suggested that the late Lord Erskine enjoyed a higher reputation as an orator than either of these: but he owed it to a dashing and graceful manner, to presence of mind, and to great animation in delivering his sentiments. Stripped of these outward and personal advantages, the matter of his speeches, like that of his writings, is nothing, or perfectly inert and dead.

Mr. Brougham is from the North of England,

* Mr. Brougham is not a Scotchman literally, but by adoption.



C. PHILLIPS ESQ.^R

TEACHER OF LAW

2. COLLEGE WASHINGTON, MINUTE BOOK OF C. P. PHILLIPS

Washington, D.C. 1800

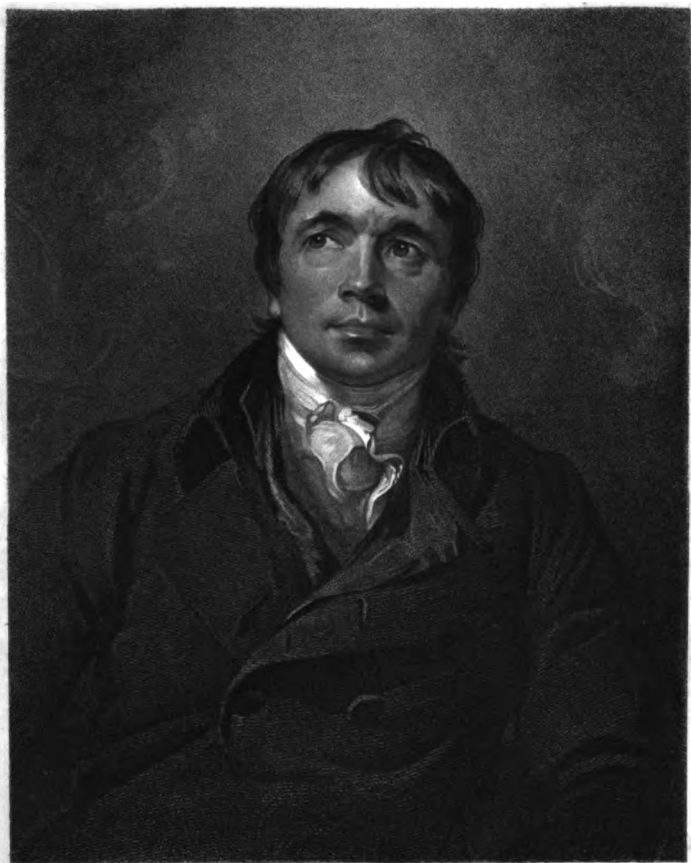
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WILLIAM CONYNGHAM PLUNKET, D.C.L. BARON PLUNKET.

Plunket A.

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Painted by Sir Tho^s Lawrence, P. R. A.

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RIGHT HON^{BLE} JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

PRINTED BY W. B. MASON, 10, ST. MARK'S LANE.

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BURKE.

EDMUND BURKE, one of the greatest orators ever known, and an eminently elegant and energetic political writer, was born in Dublin, the first day of 1730. He was second son of an attorney: and educated at Ballymore school; and Trinity college, Dublin.

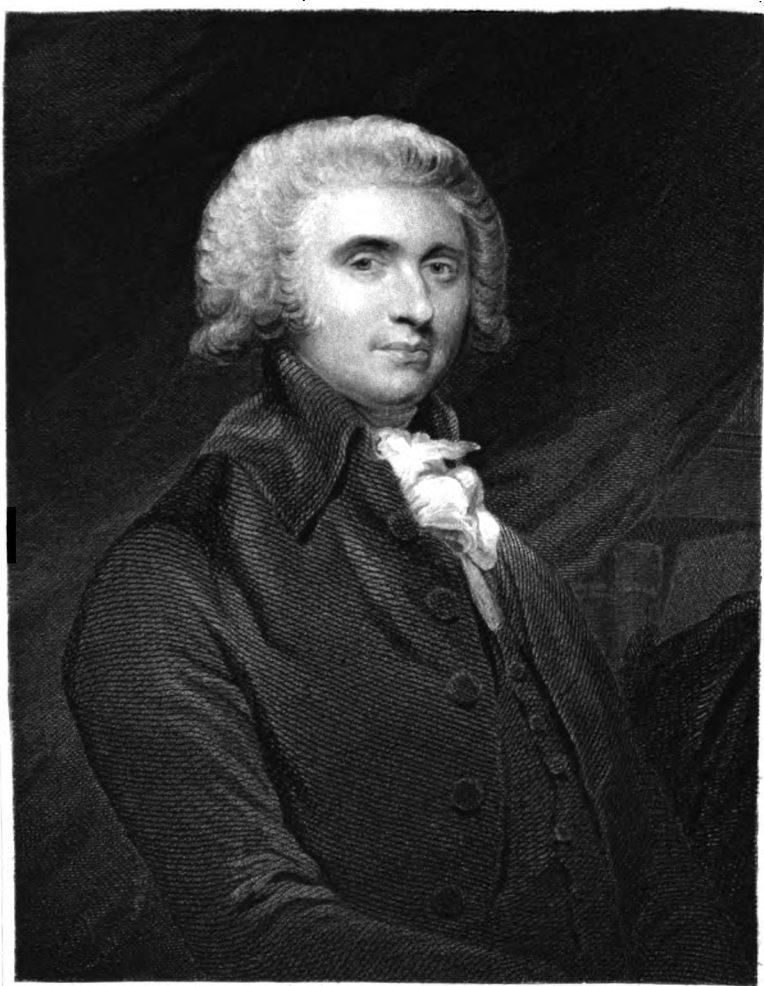
In 1763, he came to London; and, entering himself of the Middle Temple, studied with such assiduity as greatly to injure his health: when his countryman, Dr. Nugent, finding him dangerously ill, removed him to his own house; where the kind and anxious attention of the worthy physician's daughter, Miss Jane Mary, made so powerful an impression on the patient's heart, that they were married soon after his recovery.

In 1766, he published his first regular work, a *Vindication of Natural Society*; in which, by an ironical preference of natural to artificial or political society, with a felicitous imitation of Bolingbroke's own style and manner, he exposes the false philosophy of that author. In 1767, his *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful* completely established his literary fame; and, in 1768, he proposed to Mr. Dodsley the plan of the *Annual Register*. He went, in 1761, to Dublin, where he obtained a pension of 300*l.*; and now regularly entered on the great theatre of political life. The marquis of Rockingham, in 1766, being first lord of the treasury, made him his private secretary; munificently enabled him to purchase the Buckinghamshire estate; and procured him to be returned member for Wendover. His eloquence excited universal admiration, and soon occasioned him to be regarded as chief orator of the Rockingham party, in the house of commons. From the commencement of the American war he was a constant advocate for the colonists; and, in 1774, freely elected member for Bristol: by favouring, however, against the immediate interests of his constituents, the commerce of Ireland—and, contrary to popular opinion, the cause of the Roman catholics—he found it necessary, in 1780, to secure his seat for Malton. In the short period of the Rockingham administration, he was paymaster-general; and, on the famous coalition with lord North, shared the success and the censures of his colleagues. Of Pitt's administration, he was a vehement opposer; more particularly on the regency bill, when his violence of temper led him to outrage all propriety. On this occasion, as well as in several stages of that wonderful display of gigantic ability evinced in the impeachment and protracted trial of governor Hastings, he certainly degraded himself, beyond the power of, probably, even his own ultimate approval.

On the fall of the French monarchy, however, contemplated with such satisfaction by his political friends, the early opponent of Bolingbroke resolved that he would no longer "to party give up what was meant for mankind." Accordingly, in October 1790, he published his famous *Reflections on the French Revolution*, of which eighteen thousand copies were sold in a few weeks. Having formally renounced the party, by his Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs; on the acquittal of governor Hastings, he vacated his seat, and retired to Beaconsfield: where, the beginning of 1794, he had to lament the death of his brother Richard; which was followed, August 2, by the still severer stroke of losing his only son. Soon after, his majesty granted him pensions to the amount of 3,700*l.*; the charge of receiving which, as the price of changing his principles, and deserting his friends, he ably repelled, in a letter of eloquent and keen sarcasm, addressed to Earl Fitzwilliam. His last work was the celebrated *Thoughts on a Regicide Peace*.

He died, July 8, 1797; and was interred, as he had directed, in Beaconsfield church, close to his son and brother. His entire works, published in five volumes quarto, or ten octavo, will for ever prove a most sublime and beautiful monument of solid glory; whatever may be the inscription finally accorded, by the pen of history, respecting the extent of utility, the consistency, and the disinterestedness, of his political character.

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Portrait of the Author

ETICLIN.

*From the original Portrait by J. G. G. G.
in his Highness's Collection at Windsor.*

Under the Supremacy of the University of Oxford, and the Bishop of Oxford.

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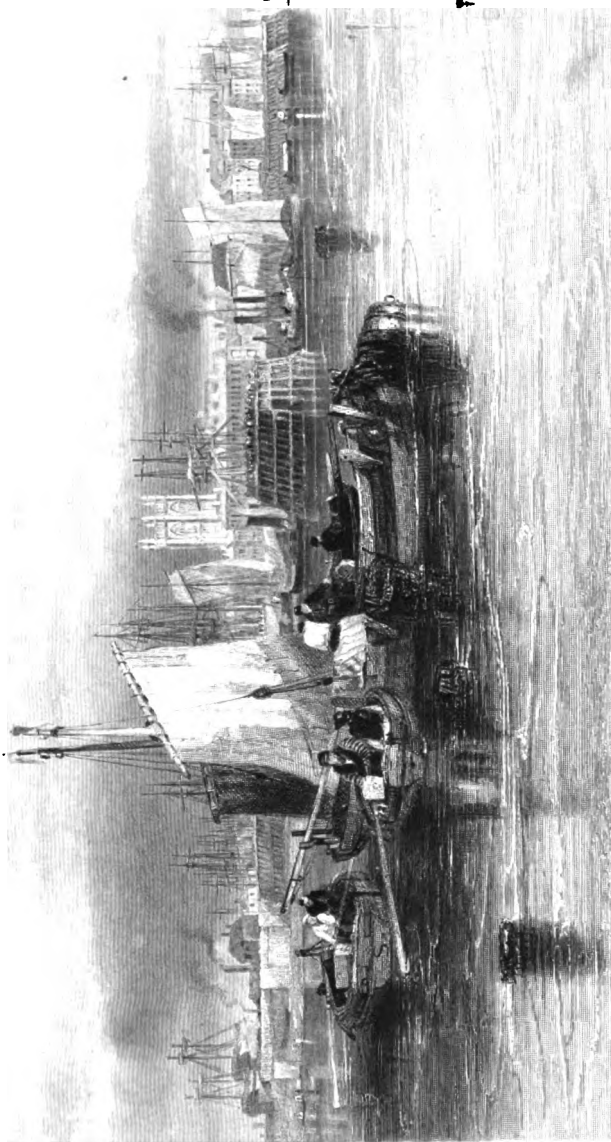


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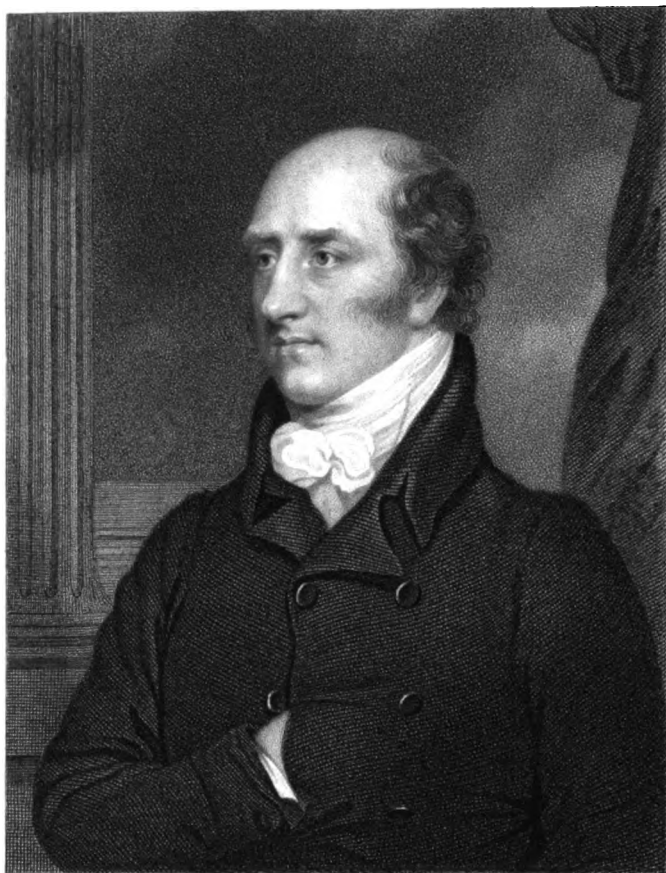
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Painted by T. Stewardson.

Engraved by W. H. Hall

THE RIGHT HON^{BLE} GEORGE CANNING.

Geo Canning

PRINTED BY T. STURGEON, 15, ABchurch-lane, 1820.

but he was educated in Edinburgh, and represents that school of politics and political economy in the House. He differs from Sir James Mackintosh in this, that he deals less in abstract principles, and more in individual details. He makes less use of general topics, and more of immediate facts. Sir James is better acquainted with the balance of an argument in old authors; Mr. Brougham with the balance of power in Europe. If the first is better versed in the progress of history, no man excels the last in a knowledge of the course of exchange. He is apprised of the exact state of our exports and imports, and scarce a ship clears out its cargo at Liverpool or Hull, but he has notice of the bill of lading. Our colonial policy, prison-discipline, the state of the Hulks, agricultural distress, commerce and manufactures, the Bullion question, the Catholic question, the Bourbons or the Inquisition, "domestic treason, foreign levy," nothing can come amiss to him—he is at home in the crooked mazes of rotten boroughs, is not baffled by Scotch law, and can follow the meaning of one of Mr. Canning's speeches. With so many resources, with such variety and solidity of information, Mr. Brougham is rather a powerful and alarming, than an effectual

debater. In so many details (which he himself goes through with unwearied and unshrinking resolution) the spirit of the question is lost to others who have not the same voluntary power of attention or the same interest in hearing that he has in speaking; the original impulse that urged him forward is forgotten in so wide a field, in so interminable a career. If he can, others *cannot* carry all he knows in their heads at the same time; a rope of circumstantial evidence does not hold well together, nor drag the unwilling mind along with it (the willing mind hurries on before it, and grows impatient and absent)—he moves in an unmanageable procession of facts and proofs, instead of coming to the point at once—and his premises (so anxious is he to proceed on sure and ample grounds) overlay and block up his conclusion, so that you cannot arrive at it, or not till the first fury and shock of the onset is over. The ball, from the too great width of the *calibre* from which it is sent, and from striking against such a number of hard, projecting points, is almost spent before it reaches its destination. He keeps a ledger or a debtor-and-creditor account between the Government and the Country, posts so much actual crime, corruption, and injustice against so much contingent

advantage or sluggish prejudice, and at the bottom of the page brings in the balance of indignation and contempt, where it is due. But people are not to be *calculated into* contempt or indignation on abstract grounds; for however they may submit to this process where their own interests are concerned, in what regards the public good we believe they must see and feel instinctively, or not at all. There is (it is to be lamented) a good deal of froth as well as strength in the popular spirit, which will not admit of being *decanted* or served out in formal driblets; nor will spleen (the soul of Opposition) bear to be corked up in square patent bottles, and kept for future use! In a word, Mr. Brougham's is ticketed and labelled eloquence, registered and in numeros (like the successive parts of a Scotch Encyclopedia)—it is clever, knowing, imposing, masterly, an extraordinary display of clearness of head, of quickness and energy of thought, of application and industry; but it is not the eloquence of the imagination or the heart, and will never save a nation or an individual from perdition.

Mr. Brougham has one considerable advantage in debate: he is overcome by no false modesty, no deference to others. But then,

by a natural consequence or parity of reasoning, he has little sympathy with other people, and is liable to be mistaken in the effect his arguments will have upon them. He relies too much, among other things, on the patience of his hearers, and on his ability to turn every thing to his own advantage. He accordingly goes to the full length of *his tether* (in vulgar phrase) and often overshoots the mark. *C'est dommage*. He has no reserve of discretion, no retentiveness of mind or check upon himself. He needs, with so much wit,

“As much again to govern it.”

He cannot keep a good thing or a shrewd piece of information in his possession, though the letting it out should mar a cause. It is not that he thinks too much of himself, too little of his cause: but he is absorbed in the pursuit of truth as an abstract inquiry, he is led away by the headstrong and over-mastering activity of his own mind. He is borne along, almost involuntarily, and not impossibly against his better judgment, by the throng and restlessness of his ideas as by a crowd of people in motion. His perceptions are literal, tenacious, *epileptic*—his understanding voracious of facts, and equally communicative of them—and he proceeds to

“ ———— Pour out all as plain
As downright Shippen or as old Montaigne ”—

without either the virulence of the one or the *bonhomie* of the other. The repeated, smart, unforeseen discharges of the truth jar those that are next him. He does not dislike this state of irritation and collision, indulges his curiosity or his triumph, till by calling for more facts or hazarding some extreme inference, he urges a question to the verge of a precipice, his adversaries urge it *over*, and he himself shrinks back from the consequence—

“ Scared at the sound himself has made ! ”

Mr. Brougham has great fearlessness, but not equal firmness ; and after going too far on the *forlorn hope*, turns short round without due warning to others or respect for himself. He is adventurous, but easily panic-struck ; and sacrifices the vanity of self-opinion to the necessity of self-preservation. He is too improvident for a leader, too petulant for a partisan ; and does not sufficiently consult those with whom he is supposed to act in concert. He sometimes leaves them in the lurch, and is sometimes left in the lurch by them. He wants the principle of co-operation. He frequently, in a fit of thoughtless levity, gives an unexpected turn to the political machine,

which alarms older and more experienced heads: if he was not himself the first to get out of harm's way and escape from the danger, it would be well!—We hold, indeed, as a general rule, that no man born or bred in Scotland can be a great orator, unless he is a mere quack; or a great statesman unless he turns plain knave. The national gravity is against the first: the national caution is against the last. To a Scotchman if a thing *is*, *it is*; there is an end of the question with his opinion about it. He is positive and abrupt, and is not in the habit of conciliating the feelings or soothing the follies of others. His only way therefore to produce a popular effect is to sail with the stream of prejudice, and to vent common dogmas, “the total grist, unsifted, husks and all,” from some evangelical pulpit. This may answer, and it has answered. On the other hand, if a Scotchman, born or bred, comes to think at all of the feelings of others, it is not as they regard them, but as their opinion reacts on his own interest and safety. He is therefore either pragmatism and offensive, or if he tries to please, he becomes cowardly and fawning. His public spirit wants pliancy; his selfish compliances go all lengths. He is as impracticable as a popular partisan, as he is mischievous as a tool of Government. We

do not wish to press this argument farther, and must leave it involved in some degree of obscurity, rather than bring the armed intellect of a whole nation on our heads.

Mr. Brougham speaks in a loud and unmitigated tone of voice, sometimes almost approaching to a scream. He is fluent, rapid, vehement, full of his subject, with evidently a great deal to say, and very regardless of the manner of saying it. As a lawyer, he has not hitherto been remarkably successful. He is not profound in cases and reports, nor does he take much interest in the peculiar features of a particular cause, or shew much adroitness in the management of it. He carries too much weight of metal for ordinary and petty occasions: he must have a pretty large question to discuss, and must make *thorough-stitch* work of it. He, however, had an encounter with Mr. Phillips the other day, and shook all his tender blossoms, so that they fell to the ground, and withered in an hour; but they soon bloomed again! Mr. Brougham writes almost, if not quite, as well as he speaks. In the midst of an Election contest he comes out to address the populace, and goes back to his study to finish an article for the *Edinburgh Review*; sometimes indeed wedging three or four articles (in the shape of *refaccimentos* of his own

pamphlets or speeches in parliament) into a single number. Such indeed is the activity of his mind that it appears to require neither repose, nor any other stimulus than a delight in its own exercise. He can turn his hand to any thing, but he cannot be idle. There are few intellectual accomplishments which he does not possess, and possess in a very high degree. He speaks French (and, we believe, several other modern languages) fluently: is a capital mathematician, and obtained an introduction to the celebrated Carnot in this latter character, when the conversation turned on squaring the circle, and not on the propriety of confining France within the natural boundary of the Rhine. Mr. Brougham is, in fact, a striking instance of the versatility and strength of the human mind, and also in one sense of the length of human life, if we make a good use of our time. There is room enough to crowd almost every art and science into it. If we pass "no day without a line," visit no place without the company of a book, we may with ease fill libraries or empty them of their contents. Those who complain of the shortness of life, let it slide by them without wishing to seize and make the most of its golden minutes. The more we do, the more we can do; the more busy we are, the more leisure



(Cornels.)

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Painted by Sir Thos. Lawrence, R.S.A.

Engraved by J. Martin del.

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT, BART. M.P.

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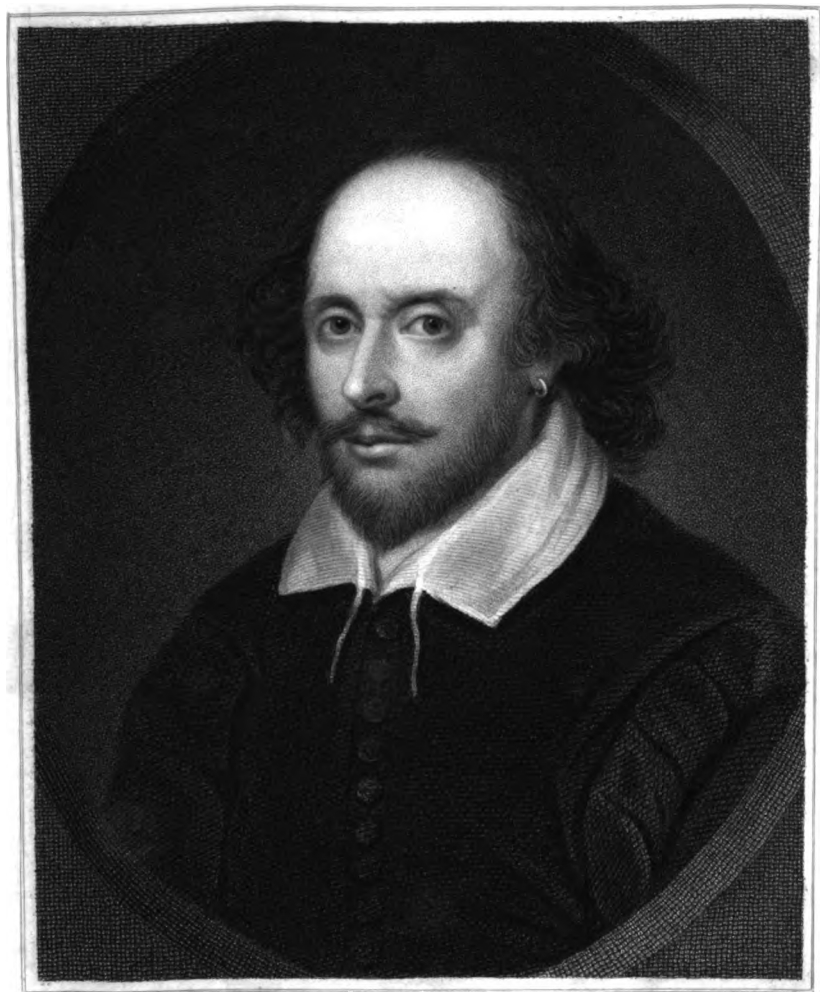
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we have. If any one possesses any advantage in a considerable degree, he may make himself master of nearly as many more as he pleases, by employing his spare time and cultivating the waste faculties of his mind. While one person is determining on the choice of a profession or study, another shall have made a fortune or gained a merited reputation. While one person is dreaming over the meaning of a word, another will have learnt several languages. It is not incapacity, but indolence, indecision, want of imagination, and a proneness to a sort of mental tautology, to repeat the same images and tread the same circle, that leaves us so poor, so dull, and inert as we are, so naked of acquirement, so barren of resources! While we are walking backwards and forwards between Charing-Cross and Temple-Bar, and sitting in the same coffee-house every day, we might make the grand tour of Europe, and visit the Vatican and the Louvre. Mr. Brougham, among other means of strengthening and enlarging his views, has visited, we believe, most of the courts, and turned his attention to most of the Constitutions of the continent. He is, no doubt, a very accomplished, active-minded, and admirable person.

Sir Francis Burdett, in many respects, af-

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fords a contrast to the foregoing character. He is a plain, unaffected, unsophisticated English gentleman. He is a person of great reading too and considerable information, but he makes very little display of these, unless it be to quote Shakespear, which he does often with extreme aptness and felicity. Sir Francis is one of the most pleasing speakers in the House, and is a prodigious favourite of the English people. So he ought to be: for he is one of the few remaining examples of the old English understanding and old English character. All that he pretends to is common sense and common honesty; and a greater compliment cannot be paid to these than the attention with which he is listened to in the House of Commons. We cannot conceive a higher proof of courage than the saying things which he has been known to say there; and we have seen him blush and appear ashamed of the truths he has been obliged to utter, like a bashful novice. He could not have uttered what he often did there, if, besides his general respectability, he had not been a very honest, a very good-tempered, and a very good-looking man. But there was evidently no wish to shine, nor any desire to offend: it was painful to him to hurt



Engraved by E. S. S. S.

SHAKESPEARE.

*From the Picture in the Possession of
His Grace the Duke of Buckingham at Venice.*

Under the Superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

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London: Published by Charles Knight, Esq. at No. 15, St. James's Street.

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HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
FREDERICK DUKE OF YORK,
BORN AUGUST 16. 1763.

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Study for the figure of Napoleon at St. Helena.
By permission of W. Q. Orchardson, Esq., R.A.

the feelings of those who heard him, but it was a higher duty in him not to suppress his sincere and earnest convictions. It is wonderful how much virtue and plain-dealing a man may be guilty of with impunity, if he has no vanity, or ill-nature, or duplicity to provoke the contempt or resentment of others, and to make them impatient of the superiority he sets up over them. We do not recollect that Sir Francis ever endeavoured to atone for any occasional indiscretions or intemperance by giving the Duke of York credit for the battle of Waterloo, or congratulating Ministers on the confinement of Buonaparte at St. Helena. There is no honest cause which he dares not avow: no oppressed individual that he is not forward to succour. He has the firmness of manhood with the unimpaired enthusiasm of youthful feeling about him. His principles are mellowed and improved, without having become less sound with time: for at one period he sometimes appeared to come charged to the House with the petulance and caustic sententiousness he had imbibed at Wimbledon Common. He is never violent or in extremes, except when the people or the parliament happen to be out of their senses; and then he seems to regret the necessity of plainly telling

them he thinks so, instead of pluming himself upon it or exulting over impending calamities. There is only one error he seems to labour under (which, we believe, he also borrowed from Mr. Horne Tooke or Major Cartwright), the wanting to go back to the early times of our Constitution and history in search of the principles of law and liberty. He might as well

“ Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.”

Liberty, in our opinion, is but a modern invention (the growth of books and printing)—and whether new or old, is not the less desirable. A man may be a patriot, without being an antiquary. This is the only point on which Sir Francis is at all inclined to a tincture of pedantry. In general, his love of liberty is pure, as it is warm and steady: his humanity is unconstrained and free. His heart does not ask leave of his head to feel; nor does prudence always keep a guard upon his tongue or his pen. No man writes a better letter to his Constituents than the member for Westminster; and his compositions of that kind ought to be good, for they have occasionally cost him dear. He is the idol of the people of Westminster: few persons have a greater number



JOHN CARTWRIGHT, ESQ.

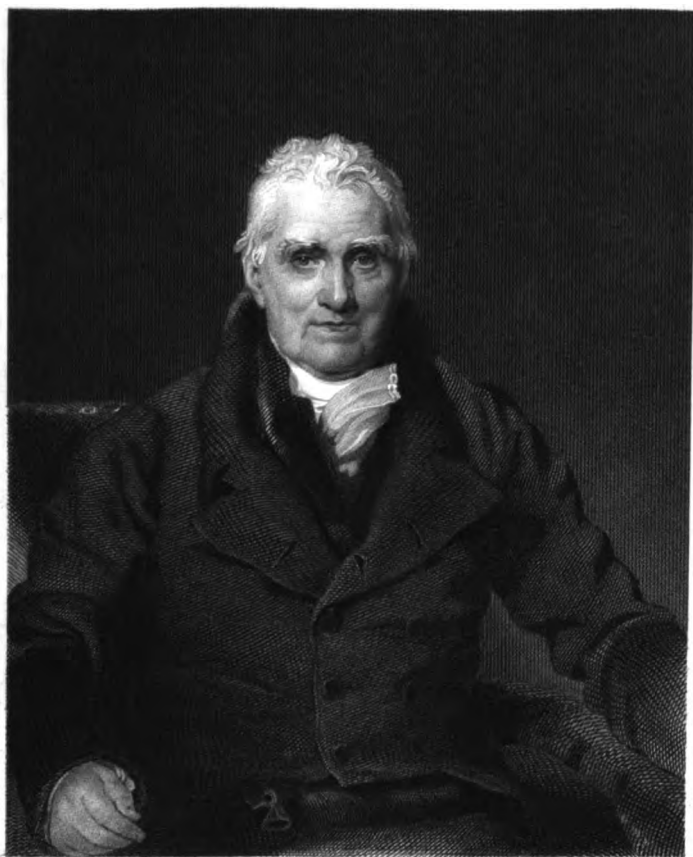
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of friends and well-wishers; and he has still greater reason to be proud of his enemies, for his integrity and independence have made them so. Sir Francis Burdett has often been left in a Minority in the House of Commons, with only one or two on his side. We suspect, unfortunately for his country, that History will be found to enter its protest on the same side of the question!

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LORD ELDON
AND
MR. WILBERFORCE.

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Painted by Sir Tho^s Lawrence, P. R. A.

Engraved by H. Robinson.

THE RT HON^{BLE} JOHN SCOTT, EARL OF ELDON, D. C. L. - F. R. S. & F. S. A.

J. Eldon

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LORD ELDON AND MR. WILBERFORCE.

LORD ELDON is an exceedingly good-natured man; but this does not prevent him, like other good-natured people, from consulting his own ease or interest. The character of *good-nature*, as it is called, has been a good deal mistaken; and the present Chancellor is not a bad illustration of the grounds of the prevailing error. When we happen to see an individual whose countenance is "all tranquillity and smiles;" who is full of good-humour and pleasantry; whose manners are gentle and conciliating; who is uniformly temperate in his expressions, and punctual and just in his every-day dealings; we are apt to conclude from so fair an outside, that

"All is conscience and tender heart"

within also, and that such a one would not

hurt a fly. And neither would he without a motive. But mere good-nature (or what passes in the world for such) is often no better than indolent selfishness. A person distinguished and praised for this quality will not needlessly offend others, because they may retaliate; and besides, it ruffles his own temper. He likes to enjoy a perfect calm, and to live in an interchange of kind offices. He suffers few things to irritate or annoy him. He has a fine oiliness in his disposition, which smooths the waves of passion as they rise. He does not enter into the quarrels or enmities of others; bears their calamities with patience; he listens to the din and clang of war, the earthquake and the hurricane of the political and moral world with the temper and spirit of a philosopher; no act of injustice puts him beside himself, the follies and absurdities of mankind never give him a moment's uneasiness, he has none of the ordinary causes of fretfulness or chagrin that torment others from the undue interest they take in the conduct of their neighbours or in the public good. None of these idle or frivolous sources of discontent, that make such havoc with the peace of human life, ever discompose his features or alter the serenity of his pulse. If a nation is robbed of its rights,

“ If wretches hang that Ministers may dine,”—

the laughing jest still collects in his eye, the cordial squeeze of the hand is still the same. But tread on the toe of one of these amiable and imperturbable mortals, or let a lump of soot fall down the chimney and spoil their dinners, and see how they will bear it. All their patience is confined to the accidents that befall others: all their good-humour is to be resolved into giving themselves no concern about any thing but their own ease and self-indulgence. Their charity begins and ends at home. Their being free from the common infirmities of temper is owing to their indifference to the common feelings of humanity; and if you touch the sore place, they betray more resentment, and break out (like spoiled children) into greater fractiousness than others, partly from a greater degree of selfishness, and partly because they are taken by surprise, and mad to think they have not guarded every point against annoyance or attack, by a habit of callous insensibility and pampered indolence.

An instance of what we mean occurred but the other day. An allusion was made in the House of Commons to something in the proceedings in the Court of Chancery, and the

Lord Chancellor comes to his place in the Court, with the statement in his hand, fire in his eyes, and a direct charge of falsehood in his mouth, without knowing any thing certain of the matter, without making any inquiry into it, without using any precaution or putting the least restraint upon himself, and all on no better authority than a common newspaper report. The thing was (not that we are imputing any strong blame in this case, we merely bring it as an illustration) it touched himself, his office, the inviolability of his jurisdiction, the unexceptionableness of his proceedings, and the wet blanket of the Chancellor's temper instantly took fire like tinder! All the fine balancing was at an end; all the doubts, all the delicacy, all the candour real or affected, all the chances that there might be a mistake in the report, all the decencies to be observed towards a Member of the House, are overlooked by the blindness of passion, and the wary Judge pounces upon the paragraph without mercy, without a moment's delay, or the smallest attention to forms! This was indeed serious business, there was to be no trifling here; every instant was an age till the Chancellor had discharged his sense of indignation on the head of the indiscreet interloper

on his authority. Had it been another person's case, another person's dignity that had been compromised, another person's conduct that had been called in question, who doubts but that the matter might have stood over till the next term, that the Noble Lord would have taken the Newspaper home in his pocket, that he would have compared it carefully with other newspapers, that he would have written in the most mild and gentlemanly terms to the Honourable Member to inquire into the truth of the statement, that he would have watched a convenient opportunity good-humouredly to ask other Honourable Members what all this was about, that the greatest caution and fairness would have been observed, and that to this hour the lawyers' clerks and the junior counsel would have been in the greatest admiration of the Chancellor's nicety of discrimination, and the utter inefficacy of the heats, importunities, haste, and passions of others to influence his judgment? This would have been true; yet his readiness to decide and to condemn where he himself is concerned, shews that passion is not dead in him, nor subject to the controul of reason; but that self-love is the main-spring that moves it, though on all be-

yond that limit he looks with the most perfect calmness and philosophic indifference.

“ Resistless passion sways us to the mood
Of what it likes or loaths.”

All people are passionate in what concerns themselves, or in what they take an interest in. The range of this last is different in different persons ; but the want of passion is but another name for the want of sympathy and imagination.

The Lord Chancellor's impartiality and conscientious exactness is proverbial ; and is, we believe, as inflexible as it is delicate in all cases that occur in the stated routine of legal practice. The impatience, the irritation, the hopes, the fears, the confident tone of the applicants move him not a jot from his intended course, he looks at their claims with the “lack lustre eye” of professional indifference. Power and influence apart, his next strongest passion is to indulge in the exercise of professional learning and skill, to amuse himself with the ‘dry details and intricate windings of the law of equity. He delights to balance a straw, to see a feather turn the scale, or make it even again ; and divides and subdivides a scruple to the smallest fraction.

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Engraved by Hermann 2. 1. May 1774

RABELAIS.

THIS eccentric genius was born at Chinon, in the province of Touraine, about the year 1483. He was brought up to the church; but could hardly have chosen a less congenial avocation.

At an early age, he displayed a brilliant imagination, and an uncommon share of learning. By his brother monks he was hated and feared, for his wit; and by many regarded as a conjuror, because he understood Greek, which then had but lately began to be studied in Europe.

He soon found patrons, however, to assist him in quitting his dull persecutors. Clement VII. granted him permission to change his order; but Rabelais, an enemy to all restraint, soon threw off entirely his religious livery, and studied physick at Montpellier, where he took a doctor's degree. In 1531, his merit raised him to a professorship; and he rendered such important services to the university, that even to the present hour, every candidate who takes a degree at Montpellier, must wear on his admission the cloak of Rabelais, which is preserved with a religious veneration: as if, like the mantle of Elijah, it were expected to impart a portion of the original owner's spirit.

In 1532, he published some works of Hippocrates, and read Lectures to crowded audiences. But, with the restless ardour of genius, he quitted Montpellier, and went to Lyons; where he practised as a physician, till Cardinal Du Bellay's celebrated embassy to Rome. He then accompanied that prelate to the Pope; and so highly delighted his holiness, with his wit and humour, that a bull of absolution was the reward of his drolleries, and he resumed his clerical functions. He then, from a Cordelier, became a Benedictine; from a Benedictine, a Canon; and from a Canon, a Vicar; and the living of Mendon being given to him in 1545, he was, at once, the parson and the physician of his parish.

His most celebrated production, *The History of Gargantua and Pantagruel*, was written about this time. This severe satire on the monks being condemned by the Sorbonne, was the more greedily read; and Rabelais was courted with the same avidity as his imitator, our admired Sterne. The work, though it displays great erudition, and has considerable gaiety, is extravagant, often unintelligible, and tainted with obscenity. Rabelais assures us, that he wrote it at his meals; he might probably have added, not unfrequently in his cups.

Like Sterne, he is famous for having perverted uncommon talents. He was not only a great linguist, but familiar with the severer sciences, and had adorned his memory with the riches of study.

He died at Paris, in 1553; regretted by the many who had been charmed by his brilliant wit, and enlivened by his cheerful conversation.

He unravels the web of argument and pieces it together again; folds it up and lays it aside, that he may examine it more at his leisure. He hugs indecision to his breast, and takes home a modest doubt or a nice point to solace himself with it in protracted, luxurious dalliance. Delay seems, in his mind, to be of the very essence of justice. He no more hurries through a question than if no one was waiting for the result, and he was merely a *dilettanti*, fanciful judge, who played at my Lord Chancellor, and busied himself with quibbles and punctilios as an idle hobby and harmless illusion. The phlegm of the Chancellor's disposition gives one almost a surfeit of impartiality and candour: we are sick of the eternal poise of childish dilatoriness; and would wish law and justice to be decided at once by a cast of the dice (as they were in Rabelais) rather than be kept in frivolous and tormenting suspense. But there is a limit even to this extreme refinement and scrupulousness of the Chancellor. The understanding acts only in the absence of the passions. At the approach of the loadstone, the needle trembles, and points to it. The air of a political question has a wonderful tendency to brace and quicken the learned Lord's faculties.

The breath of a court speedily oversets a thousand objections, and scatters the cobwebs of his brain. The secret wish of power is a thumping *make-weight*, where all is so nicely balanced beforehand. In the case of a celebrated beauty and heiress, and the brother of a Noble Lord, the Chancellor hesitated long, and went through the forms, as usual: but who ever doubted, where all this indecision would end? No man in his senses, for a single instant! We shall not press this point, which is rather a ticklish one. Some persons thought that from entertaining a fellow-feeling on the subject, the Chancellor would have been ready to favour the Poet-Laureat's application to the Court of Chancery for an injunction against Wat Tyler. His Lordship's sentiments on such points are not so variable, he has too much at stake. He recollected the year 1794, though Mr. Southey had forgotten it!—

The personal always prevails over the intellectual, where the latter is not backed by strong feeling and principle. Where remote and speculative objects do not excite a predominant interest and passion, gross and immediate ones are sure to carry the day, even in ingenuous and well-disposed minds. The will

yields necessarily to some motive or other ; and where the public good or distant consequences excite no sympathy in the breast, either from short-sightedness or an easiness of temperament that shrinks from any violent effort or painful emotion, self-interest, indolence, the opinion of others, a desire to please, the sense of personal obligation, come in and fill up the void of public spirit, patriotism, and humanity. The best men in the world in their own natural dispositions or in private life (for this reason) often become the most dangerous public characters, from their pliancy to the unruly passions of others, and from their having no set-off in strong moral *stamina* to the temptations that are held out to them, if, as is frequently the case, they are men of versatile talent or patient industry.—Lord Eldon has one of the best-natured faces in the world ; it is pleasant to meet him in the street, plodding along with an umbrella under his arm, without one trace of pride, of spleen, or discontent in his whole demeanour, void of offence, with almost rustic simplicity and honesty of appearance—a man that makes friends at first sight, and could hardly make enemies, if he would ; and whose only fault is that he cannot say *Nay* to power, or subject himself to an unkind word or look from a King or a Minis-

ter. He is a thorough-bred Tory. Others boggle or are at fault in their career, or give back at a pinch, they split into different factions, have various objects to distract them, their private friendships or antipathies stand in their way; but he has never flinched, never gone back, never missed his way, he is an *out-and-outer* in this respect, his allegiance has been without flaw, like "one entire and perfect chrysolite," his implicit understanding is a kind of taffeta-lining to the Crown, his servility has assumed an air of the most determined independence, and he has

"Read his history in a Prince's eyes!"—

There has been no stretch of power attempted in his time that he has not seconded: no existing abuse, so odious or so absurd, that he has not sanctioned it. He has gone the whole length of the most unpopular designs of Ministers. When the heavy artillery of interest, power, and prejudice is brought into the field, the paper pellets of the brain go for nothing: his labyrinth of nice, lady-like doubts explodes like a mine of gun-powder. The Chancellor may weigh and palter—the courtier is decided, the politician is firm, and rivetted to his place in the Cabinet! On all the great questions that have divided party opinion or agitated the public mind,

Spiral

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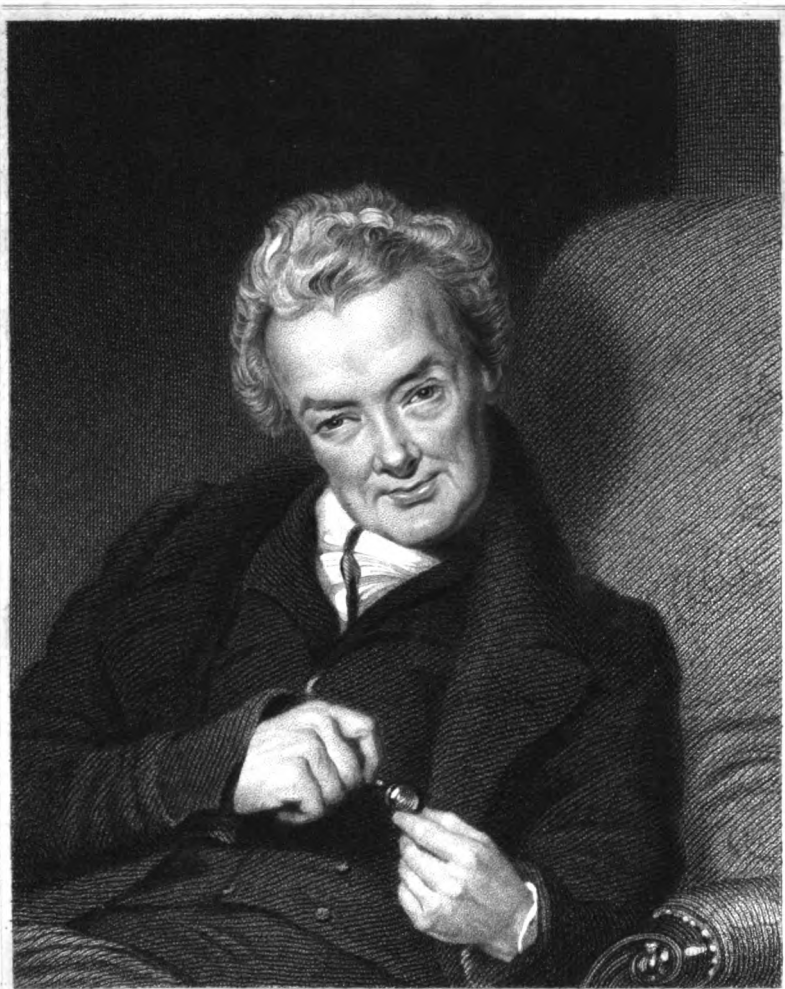


QUEEN CAROLESE.

the Chancellor has been found uniformly and without a single exception on the side of prerogative and power, and against every proposal for the advancement of freedom. He was a strenuous supporter of the wars and coalitions against the principles of liberty abroad; he has been equally zealous in urging or defending every act and infringement of the Constitution, for abridging it at home: he at the same time opposes every amelioration of the penal laws, on the alleged ground of his abhorrence of even the shadow of innovation: he has studiously set his face against Catholic emancipation; he laboured hard in his vocation to prevent the abolition of the Slave Trade; he was Attorney General in the trials for High Treason in 1794; and the other day in giving his opinion on the Queen's Trial, shed tears and protested his innocence before God! This was natural and to be expected; but on all occasions he is to be found at his post, true to the call of prejudice, of power, to the will of others and to his own interest. In the whole of his public career, and with all the goodness of his disposition, he has not shewn "so small a drop of pity as a wren's eye." He seems to be on his guard against every thing liberal and humane

as his weak side. Others relax in their obsequiousness either from satiety or disgust, or a hankering after popularity, or a wish to be thought above narrow prejudices. The Chancellor alone is fixed and immoveable. Is it want of understanding or of principle? No—it is want of imagination, a phlegmatic habit, an excess of false complaisance and good-nature . . . Common humanity and justice are little better than vague terms to him: he acts upon his immediate feelings and least irksome impulses. The King's hand is velvet to the touch—the Woolsack is a seat of honour and profit! That is all he knows about the matter. As to abstract metaphysical calculations, the ox that stands staring at the corner of the street troubles his head as much about them as he does: yet this last is a very good sort of animal with no harm or malice in him, unless he is goaded on to mischief, and then it is necessary to keep out of his way, or warn others against him!

Mr. Wilberforce is a less perfect character in his way. He acts from mixed motives. He would willingly serve two masters, God and Mammon. He is a person of many excellent and admirable qualifications, but he has made a mistake in wishing to reconcile those that



Engraved by R. Sarron

WILBERFORCE.

From a Picture by George Richmond.

Under the Superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Moral Knowledge.

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are incompatible. He has a most winning eloquence, specious, persuasive, familiar, silver-tongued, is amiable, charitable, conscientious, pious, loyal, humane, tractable to power, accessible to popularity, honouring the king, and no less charmed with the homage of his fellow-citizens. "What lacks he then?" Nothing but an economy of good parts. By aiming at too much, he has spoiled all, and neutralised what might have been an estimable character, distinguished by signal services to mankind. A man must take his choice not only between virtue and vice, but between different virtues. Otherwise, he will not gain his own approbation, or secure the respect of others. The graces and accomplishments of private life mar the man of business and the statesman. There is a severity, a sternness, a self-denial, and a painful sense of duty required in the one, which ill befits the softness and sweetness which should characterise the other. Loyalty, patriotism, friendship, humanity, are all virtues; but may they not sometimes clash? By being unwilling to forego the praise due to any, we may forfeit the reputation of all; and instead of uniting the suffrages of the whole world in our favour, we may end in becoming a sort of bye-word

for affectation, cant, hollow professions, trimming, fickleness, and effeminate imbecility. It is best to choose and act up to some one leading character, as it is best to have some settled profession or regular pursuit in life.

We can readily believe that Mr. Wilberforce's first object and principle of action is to do what he thinks right: his next (and that we fear is of almost equal weight with the first) is to do what will be thought so by other people. He is always at a game of *hawk and buzzard* between these two: his "conscience will not budge," unless the world goes with it. He does not seem greatly to dread the denunciation in Scripture, but rather to court it—"Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you!" We suspect he is not quite easy in his mind, because West-India planters and Guinea traders do not join in his praise. His ears are not strongly enough tuned to drink in the execrations of the spoiler and the oppressor as the sweetest music. It is not enough that one half of the human species (the images of God carved in ebony, as old Fuller calls them) shout his name as a champion and a saviour through vast burning zones, and moisten their parched lips with the gush of gratitude for deliverance from chains—he must

have a Prime-Minister drink his health at a Cabinet-dinner for aiding to rivet on those of his country and of Europe! He goes hand and heart along with Government in all their notions of legitimacy and political aggrandizement, in the hope that they will leave him a sort of *no-man's ground* of humanity in the Great Desert, where his reputation for benevolence and public spirit may spring up and flourish, till its head touches the clouds, and it stretches out its branches to the farthest part of the earth. He has no mercy on those who claim a property in negro-slaves as so much live-stock on their estates; the country rings with the applause of his wit, his eloquence, and his indignant appeals to common sense and humanity on this subject—but not a word has he to say, not a whisper does he breathe against the claim set up by the Despots of the Earth over their Continental subjects, but does every thing in his power to confirm and sanction it! He must give no offence. Mr. Wilberforce's humanity will go all lengths that it can with safety and discretion: but it is not to be supposed that it should lose him his seat for Yorkshire, the smile of Majesty, or the countenance of the loyal and pious. He is anxious to do all the good he can without hurting himself or his fair fame.

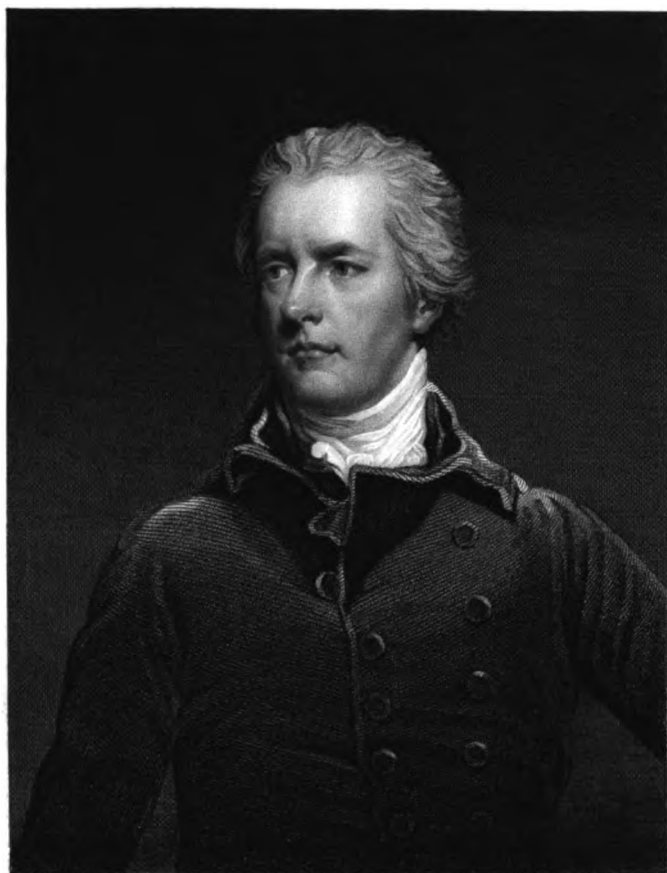
His conscience and his character compound matters very amicably. He rather patronises honesty than is a martyr to it. His patriotism, his philanthropy are not so ill-bred, as to quarrel with his loyalty or to banish him from the first circles. He preaches vital Christianity to untutored savages; and tolerates its worst abuses in civilized states. He thus shews his respect for religion without offending the clergy, or circumscribing the sphere of his usefulness. There is in all this an appearance of a good deal of cant and tricking. His patriotism may be accused of being servile; his humanity ostentatious; his loyalty conditional; his religion a mixture of fashion and fanaticism. "Out upon such half-faced fellowship!" Mr. Wilberforce has the pride of being familiar with the great; the vanity of being popular; the conceit of an approving conscience. He is coy in his approaches to power; his public spirit is, in a manner, *under the rose*. He thus reaps the credit of independence, without the obloquy; and secures the advantages of servility, without incurring any obligations. He has two strings to his bow:—he by no means neglects his worldly interests, while he expects a bright reversion in the skies. Mr. Wilberforce is far from being a hypocrite;

but he is, we think, as fine a specimen of *moral equivocation* as can well be conceived. A hypocrite is one who is the very reverse of, or who despises the character he pretends to be: Mr. Wilberforce would be all that he pretends to be, and he is it in fact, as far as words, plausible theories, good inclinations, and easy services go, but not in heart and soul, or so as to give up the appearance of any one of his pretensions to preserve the reality of any other. He carefully chooses his ground to fight the battles of loyalty, religion, and humanity, and it is such as is always safe and advantageous to himself! This is perhaps hardly fair, and it is of dangerous or doubtful tendency. Lord Eldon, for instance, is known to be a thorough-paced ministerialist: his opinion is only that of his party. But Mr. Wilberforce is not a party-man. He is the more looked up to on this account, but not with sufficient reason. By tampering with different temptations and personal projects, he has all the air of the most perfect independence, and gains a character for impartiality and candour, when he is only striking a balance in his mind between the *éclat* of differing from a Minister on some 'vantage ground, and the risk or odium that may attend it. He carries all the weight of his artificial popularity over to the

Government on vital points and hard-run questions; while they, in return, lend him a little of the gilding of court-favour to set off his disinterested philanthropy and tramontane enthusiasm. As a leader or a follower, he makes an odd jumble of interests. By virtue of religious sympathy, he has brought the Saints over to the side of the abolition of Negro slavery. This his adversaries think hard and stealing a march upon them. What have the SAINTS to do with freedom or reform of any kind?—Mr. Wilberforce's style of speaking is not quite *parliamentary*, it is halfway between that and *evangelical*. He is altogether a *double-entendre*: the very tone of his voice is a *double-entendre*. It winds, and undulates, and glides up and down on texts of Scripture, and scraps from Paley, and trite sophistry, and pathetic appeals to his hearers in a faltering, inprogressive, side-long way, like those birds of weak wing, that are borne from their strait-forward course

“ By every little breath that under heaven is blown.”

Something of this fluctuating, time-serving principle was visible even in the great question of the Abolition of the Slave Trade. He was, at one time, half inclined to surrender it into Mr. Pitt's dilatory hands, and seemed



Painted by J. Hoppner, Esq. R.A.

Engraved by J. Thomson.

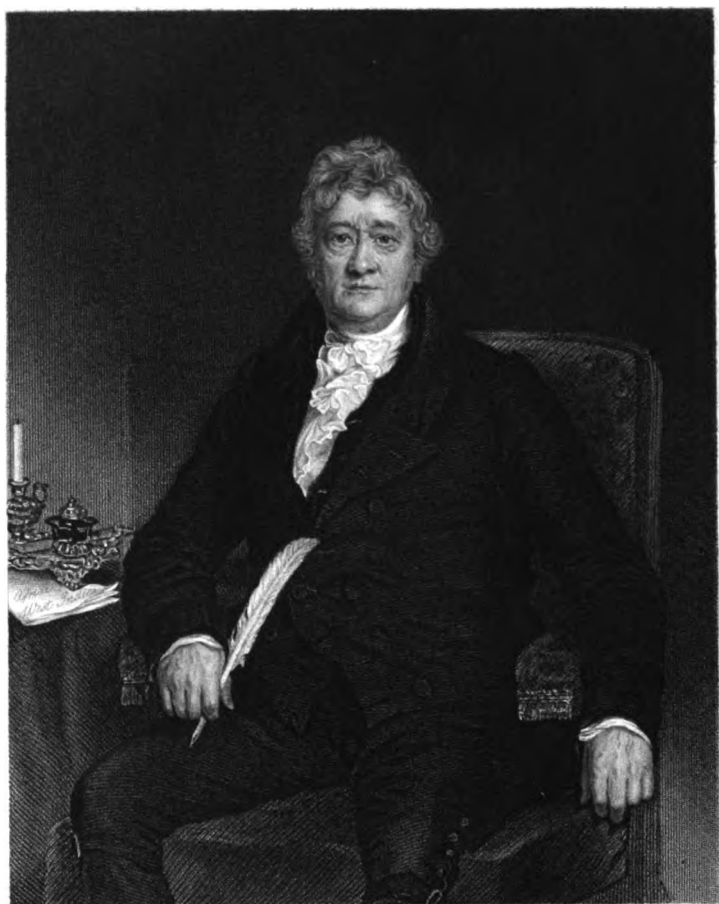
THE RIGHT HON^{BLE} WM PITT.

FISHER SON & CO LONDON 1800

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Painted by S. Lane

Engraved by J. Cookson

yours truly
Thomas Clarkson
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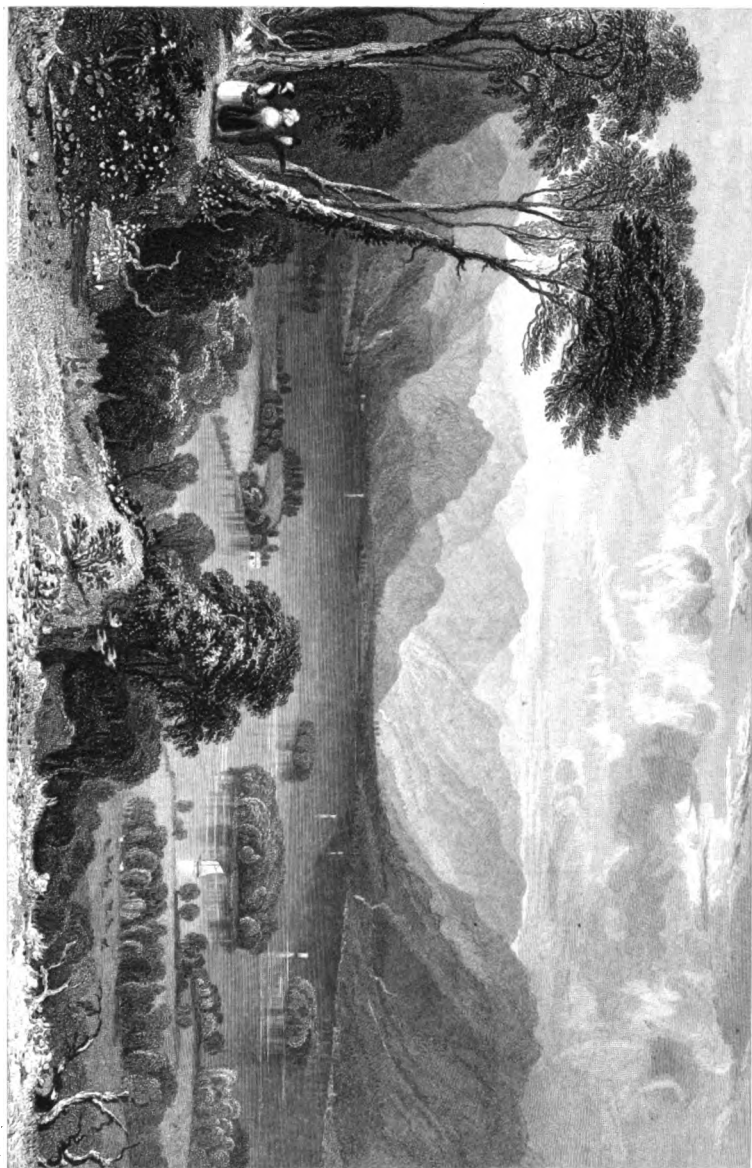
RAPHAËL.

Raphaël peint.

London dess.

to think the gloss of novelty was gone from it, and the gaudy colouring of popularity sunk into the *sable* ground from which it rose! It was, however, persisted in and carried to a triumphant conclusion. Mr. Wilberforce said too little on this occasion of one, compared with whom he was but the frontispiece to that great chapter in the history of the world—the mask, the varnishing, and painting—the man that effected it by Herculean labours of body, and equally gigantic labours of mind was Clarkson, the true Apostle of human Redemption on that occasion, and who, it is remarkable, resembles in his person and lineaments more than one of the Apostles in the *Cartoons* of Raphael. He deserves to be added to the Twelve!*

* After all, the best as well as most amusing comment on the character just described was that made by Sheridan, who being picked up in no very creditable plight by the watch, and asked rather roughly who he was, made answer—“ I am Mr. Wilberforce!” The guardians of the night conducted him home with all the honours due to Grace and Nature.



THE VIEW FROM THE TOWER OF ASTORIA, OREGON, TOWARDS THE BAY.

Engraved by J. H. B. from a drawing by J. H. B.

Shirley
1914

MR. SOUTHEY.



Engraved by T. Phillips, R.A.

Engraved by J. P. Taylor

Yrs very truly a u. hark
Robert Southey

FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF M^r MURRAY

London 1801

by J. Murray, & sold by C. Tilt & Co. 1801

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MR. SOUTHEY.

MR. SOUTHEY, as we formerly remember to have seen him, had a hectic flush upon his cheek, a roving fire in his eye, a falcon glance, a look at once aspiring and dejected—it was the look that had been impressed upon his face by the events that marked the outset of his life, it was the dawn of Liberty that still tinged his cheek, a smile betwixt hope and sadness that still played upon his quivering lip. Mr. Southey's mind is essentially sanguine, even to over-weeningness. It is prophetic of good ; it cordially embraces it ; it casts a longing, lingering look after it, even when it is gone for ever. He cannot bear to give up the thought of happiness, his confidence in his fellow-man, when all else despair. It is the

very element, "where he must live or have no life at all." While he supposed it possible that a better form of society could be introduced than any that had hitherto existed, while the light of the French Revolution beamed into his soul (and long after, it was seen reflected on his brow, like the light of setting suns on the peak of some high mountain, or lonely range of clouds, floating in purer ether!) while he had this hope, this faith in man left, he cherished it with child-like simplicity, he clung to it with the fondness of a lover, he was an enthusiast, a fanatic, a leveller; he stuck at nothing that he thought would banish all pain and misery from the world—in his impatience of the smallest error or injustice, he would have sacrificed himself and the existing generation (a holocaust) to his devotion to the right cause. But when he once believed after many staggering doubts and painful struggles, that this was no longer possible, when his chimeras and golden dreams of human perfectibility vanished from him, he turned suddenly round, and maintained that "whatever is, is right." Mr. Southey has not fortitude of mind, has not patience to think that evil is inseparable from the nature of things. His irritable sense rejects the alterna-

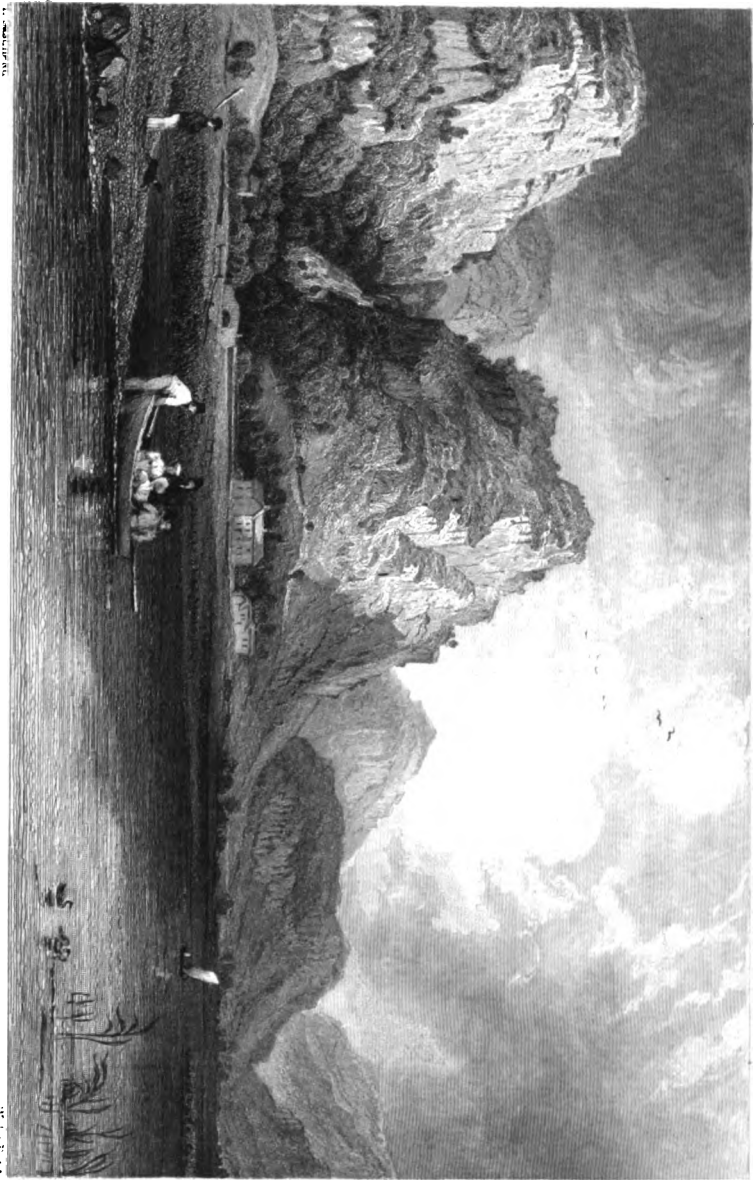
tive altogether, as a weak stomach rejects the food that is distasteful to it. He hopes on against hope, he believes in all unbelief. He must either repose on actual or on imaginary good. He missed his way in *Utopia*, he has found it at Old Sarum—

“ His generous ardour no cold medium knows :”

his eagerness admits of no doubt or delay. He is ever in extremes, and ever in the wrong!

The reason is, that not truth, but self-opinion is the ruling principle of Mr. Southey's mind. The charm of novelty, the applause of the multitude, the sanction of power, the venerableness of antiquity, pique, resentment, the spirit of contradiction have a good deal to do with his preferences. His inquiries are partial and hasty: his conclusions raw and unconcocted, and with a considerable infusion of whim and humour and a monkish spleen. His opinions are like certain wines, warm and generous when new; but they will not keep, and soon turn flat or sour, for want of a stronger spirit of the understanding to give a body to them. He wooed Liberty as a youthful lover, but it was perhaps more as a mistress than a bride; and he has since wedded with an elderly and not very reputable lady, called Legitimacy. *A wilful man*, according to the

Scotch proverb, *must have his way*. If it were the cause to which he was sincerely attached, he would adhere to it through good report and evil report; but it is himself to whom he does homage, and would have others do so; and he therefore changes sides, rather than submit to apparent defeat or temporary mortification. Abstract principle has no rule but the understood distinction between right and wrong; the indulgence of vanity, of caprice, or prejudice is regulated by the convenience or bias of the moment. The temperament of our politician's mind is poetical, not philosophical. He is more the creature of impulse, than he is of reflection. He invents the unreal, he embellishes the false with the glosses of fancy, but pays little attention to "the words of truth and soberness." His impressions are accidental, immediate, personal, instead of being permanent and universal. Of all mortals he is surely the most impatient of contradiction, even when he has completely turned the tables on himself. Is not this very inconsistency the reason? Is he not tenacious of his opinions, in proportion as they are brittle and hastily formed? Is he not jealous of the grounds of his belief, because he fears they will not bear inspection,



THE CASTLE OF ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT, CORNWALL

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or is conscious he has shifted them? Does he not confine others to the strict line of orthodoxy, because he has himself taken every liberty? Is he not afraid to look to the right or the left, lest he should see the ghosts of his former extravagances staring him in the face? Does he not refuse to tolerate the smallest shade of difference in others, because he feels that he wants the utmost latitude of construction for differing so widely from himself? Is he not captious, dogmatical, petulant in delivering his sentiments, according as he has been inconsistent, rash, and fanciful in adopting them? He maintains that there can be no possible ground for differing from him, because he looks only at his own side of the question! He sets up his own favourite notions as the standard of reason and honesty, because he has changed from one extreme to another! He treats his opponents with contempt, because he is himself afraid of meeting with disrespect! He says that "a Reformer is a worse character than a house-breaker," in order to stifle the recollection that he himself once was one!

We must say that "we relish Mr. Southey more in the Reformer" than in his lately

acquired, but by no means natural or becoming character of poet-laureat and courtier. He may rest assured that a garland of wild flowers suits him better than the laureat-wreath: that his pastoral odes and popular inscriptions were far more adapted to his genius than his presentation-poems. He is nothing akin to birth-day suits and drawing-room fopperies. "He is nothing, if not fantastical." In his figure, in his movements, in his sentiments, he is sharp and angular, quaint and eccentric. Mr. Southey is not of the court, courtly. Every thing of him and about him is from the people. He is not classical, he is not legitimate. He is not a man cast in the mould of other men's opinions: he is not shaped on any model: he bows to no authority: he yields only to his own wayward peculiarities. He is wild, irregular, singular, extreme. He is no formalist, not he! All is crude and chaotic, self-opinionated, vain. He wants proportion, keeping, system, standard rules. He is not *teres et rotundus*. Mr. Southey walks with his chin erect through the streets of London, and with an umbrella sticking out under his arm, in the finest weather. He has not sacrificed to the Graces, nor studied decorum. With him every thing is projecting, starting from its place, an episode, a digres-

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Engraved by E. S. from a miniature by P. P. de V. and a sketch by Thomas Lawrence, by permission of
His Majesty the King.

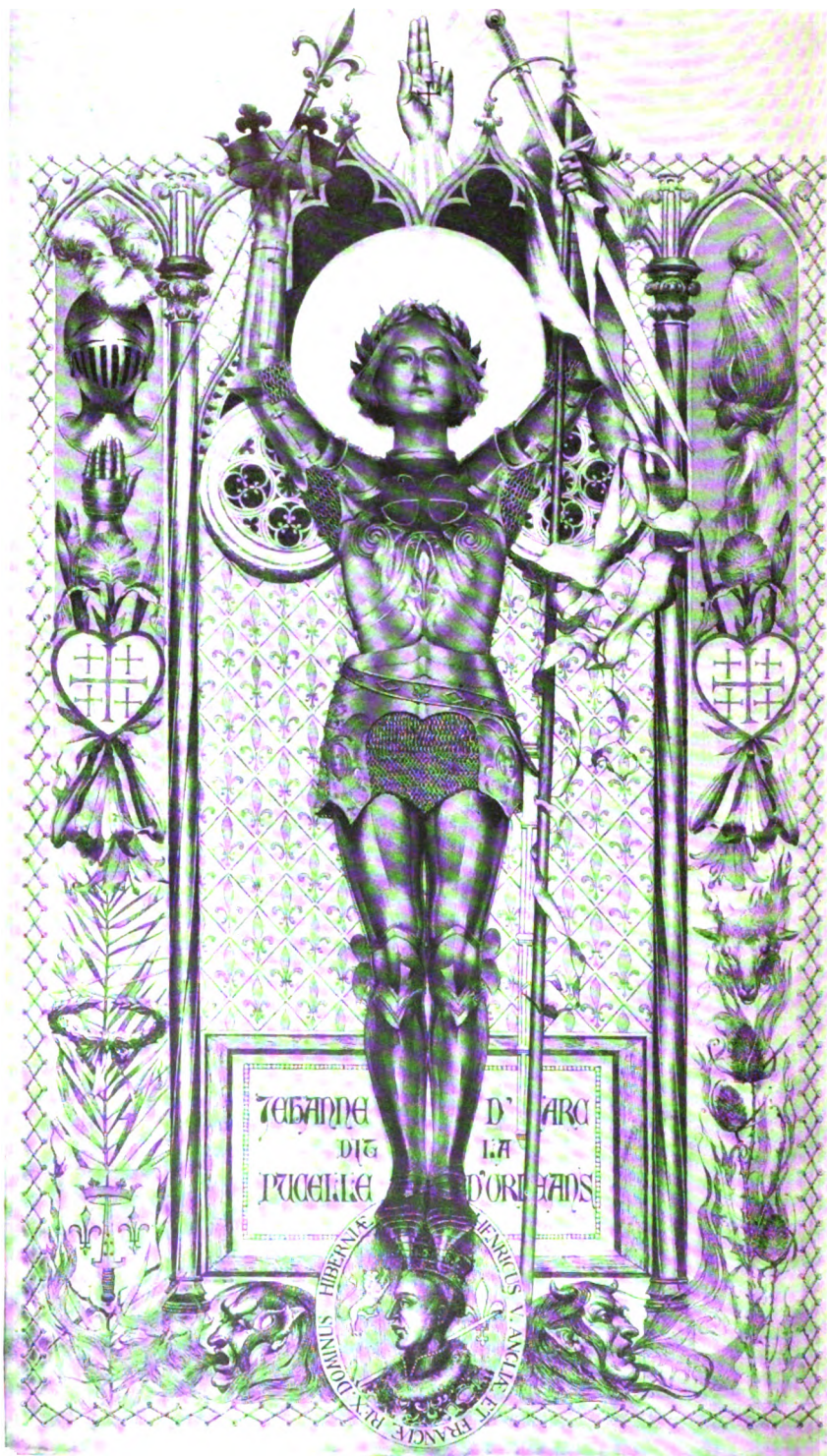
HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY, GEORGE AUGUSTUS-FREDERICK, THE FOURTH

George B

sion, a poetic license. He does not move in any given orbit, but like a falling star, shoots from his sphere. He is pragmatical, restless, unfixed, full of experiments, beginning every thing a-new, wiser than his betters, judging for himself, dictating to others. He is decidedly *revolutionary*. He may have given up the reform of the State: but depend upon it, he has some other *hobby* of the same kind. Does he not dedicate to his present Majesty that extraordinary poem on the death of his father, called *The Vision of Judgment*, as a specimen of what might be done in English hexameters? In a court-poem all should be trite and on an approved model. He might as well have presented himself at the levée in a fancy or masquerade dress. Mr. Southey was not to *try conclusions* with Majesty—still less on such an occasion. The extreme freedoms with departed greatness, the party-petulance carried to the Throne of Grace, the unchecked indulgence of private humour, the assumption of infallibility and even of the voice of Heaven in this poem, are pointed instances of what we have said. They shew the singular state of over-excitement of Mr. Southey's mind, and the force of old habits of independent and unbridled thinking, which cannot be

kept down even in addressing his Sovereign ! Look at Mr. Southey's larger poems, his *Kehama*, his *Thalaba*, his *Madoc*, his *Roderic*. Who will deny the spirit, the scope, the splendid imagery, the hurried and startling interest that pervades them ? Who will say that they are not sustained on fictions wilder than his own Glendoveer, that they are not the daring creations of a mind curbed by no law, tamed by no fear, that they are not rather like the trances than the waking dreams of genius, that they are not the very paradoxes of poetry ? All this is very well, very intelligible, and very harmless, if we regard the rank excrescences of Mr. Southey's poetry, like the red and blue flowers in corn, as the unweeded growth of a luxuriant and wandering fancy ; ' or if we allow the yeasty workings of an ardent spirit to ferment and boil over—the variety, the boldness, the lively stimulus given to the mind may then atone for the violation of rules and the offences to bed-ridden authority ; but not if our poetic libertine sets up for a law-giver and judge, or an apprehender of vagrants in the regions either of taste or opinion. Our motley gentleman deserves the strait-waistcoat, if he is for setting others in the stocks of servility, or condemning them to the pillory for a new mode of rhyme

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or reason. Or if a composer of sacred Dramas on classic models, or a translator of an old Latin author (that will hardly bear translation) or a vamped-up of vapid cantos and Odes set to music, were to turn pander to prescription and palliater of every dull, incorrigible abuse, it would not be much to be wondered at or even regretted. But in Mr. Southey it was a lamentable falling-off. It is indeed to be deplored, it is a stain on genius, a blow to humanity, that the author of *Joan of Arc*—that work in which the love of Liberty is exhaled like the breath of spring, mild, balmy, heaven-born, that is full of tears and virgin-sighs, and yearnings of affection after truth and good, gushing warm and crimsoned from the heart—should ever after turn to folly, or become the advocate of a rotten cause. After giving up his heart to that subject, he ought not (whatever others might do) ever to have set his foot within the threshold of a court. He might be sure that he would not gain forgiveness or favour by it, nor obtain a single cordial smile from greatness. All that Mr. Southey is or that he does best, is independent, spontaneous, free as the vital air he draws—when he affects the courtier or the sophist, he is obliged to put a constraint upon himself, to hold in

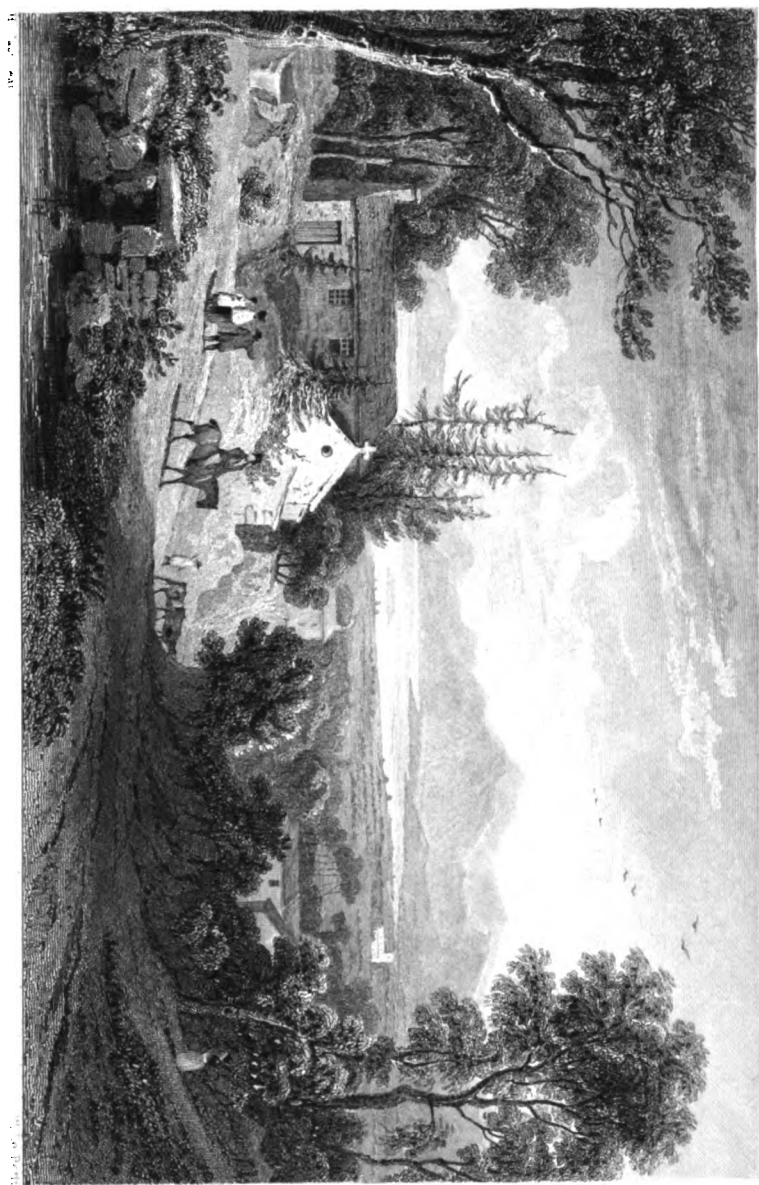
his breath, he loses his genius, and offers a violence to his nature. His characteristic faults are the excess of a lively, unguarded temperament:—oh! let them not degenerate into cold-blooded, heartless vices! If we speak or have ever spoken of Mr. Southey with severity, it is with “the malice of old friends,” for we count ourselves among his sincerest and heartiest well-wishers. But while he himself is anomalous, incalculable, eccentric, from youth to age (the *Wat Tyler* and the *Vision of Judgment* are the Alpha and Omega of his disjointed career) full of sallies of humour, of ebullitions of spleen, making *jets-d’eaux*, cascades, fountains, and water-works of his idle opinions, he would shut up the wits of others in leaden cisterns, to stagnate and corrupt, or bury them under ground—

“Far from the sun and summer gale!”

He would suppress the freedom of wit and humour, of which he has set the example, and claim a privilege for playing antics. He would introduce an uniformity of intellectual weights and measures, of irregular metres and settled opinions, and enforce it with a high hand. This has been judged hard by some, and has brought down a severity of recrimination,

perhaps disproportioned to the injury done. "Because he is virtuous," (it has been asked,) "are there to be no more cakes and ale?" Because he is loyal, are we to take all our notions from the *Quarterly Review*? Because he is orthodox, are we to do nothing but read the *Book of the Church*? We declare we think his former poetical scepticism was not only more amiable, but had more of the spirit of religion in it, implied a more heartfelt trust in nature and providence than his present bigotry. We are at the same time free to declare that we think his articles in the *Quarterly Review*, notwithstanding their virulence and the talent they display, have a tendency to qualify its most pernicious effects. They have redeeming traits in them. "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump:" and the spirit of humanity (thanks to Mr. Southey) is not quite expelled from the *Quarterly Review*. At the corner of his pen, "there hangs a vapourous drop profound" of independence and liberality, which falls upon its pages, and oozes out through the pores of the public mind. There is a fortunate difference between writers whose hearts are naturally callous to truth, and whose understandings are hermetically sealed against all impressions but those of self-

interest, and a man like Mr. Southey. *Once a philanthropist and always a philanthropist.* No man can entirely baulk his nature: it breaks out in spite of him. In all those questions, where the spirit of contradiction does not interfere, on which he is not sore from old bruises, or sick from the extravagance of youthful intoxication, as from a last night's debauch, our "laureate" is still bold, free, candid, open to conviction, a reformist without knowing it. He does not advocate the slave-trade, he does not arm Mr. Malthus's revolting ratios with his authority, he does not strain hard to deluge Ireland with blood. On such points, where humanity has not become obnoxious, where liberty has not passed into a by-word, Mr. Southey is still liberal and humane. The elasticity of his spirit is unbroken: the bow recoils to its old position. He still stands convicted of his early passion for inquiry and improvement. He was not regularly articulated as a Government-tool!—Perhaps the most pleasing and striking of all Mr. Southey's poems are not his triumphant taunts hurled against oppression, are not his glowing effusions to Liberty, but those in which, with a mild melancholy, he seems conscious of his own infirmities of temper, and to feel a wish



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to correct by thought and time the precocity and sharpness of his disposition. May the quaint but affecting aspiration expressed in one of these be fulfilled, that as he mellows into maturer age, all such asperities may wear off, and he himself become

“ Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree ! ”

Mr. Southey's prose-style can scarcely be too much praised. It is plain, clear, pointed, familiar, perfectly modern in its texture, but with a grave and sparkling admixture of *archaisms* in its ornaments and occasional phraseology. He is the best and most natural prose-writer of any poet of the day ; we mean that he is far better than Lord Byron, Mr. Wordsworth, or Mr. Coleridge, for instance. The manner is perhaps superior to the matter, that is, in his Essays and Reviews. There is rather a want of originality and even of *impetus* : but there is no want of playful or biting satire, of ingenuity, of casuistry, of learning and of information. He is “ full of wise saws and modern ” (as well as ancient) “ instances.” Mr. Southey may not always convince his opponents ; but he seldom fails to stagger, never to gall them. In a word, we may describe his style by saying that it has not the body or

thickness of port wine, but is like clear sherry with kernels of old authors thrown into it!—He also excels as an historian and prose-translator. His histories abound in information, and exhibit proofs of the most indefatigable patience and industry. By no uncommon process of the mind, Mr. Southey seems willing to steady the extreme levity of his opinions and feelings by an appeal to facts. His translations of the Spanish and French romances are also executed *con amore*, and with the literal fidelity and care of a mere linguist. That of the *Cid*, in particular, is a masterpiece. Not a word could be altered for the better, in the old scriptural style which it adopts in conformity to the original. It is no less interesting in itself, or as a record of high and chivalrous feelings and manners, than it is worthy of perusal as a literary curiosity.

Mr. Southey's conversation has a little resemblance to a common-place book; his habitual deportment to a piece of clock-work. He is not remarkable either as a reasoner or an observer: but he is quick, unaffected, replete with anecdote, various and retentive in his reading, and exceedingly happy in his play upon words, as most scholars are who give their minds this sportive turn. We have chiefly



S. T. Coleridge.

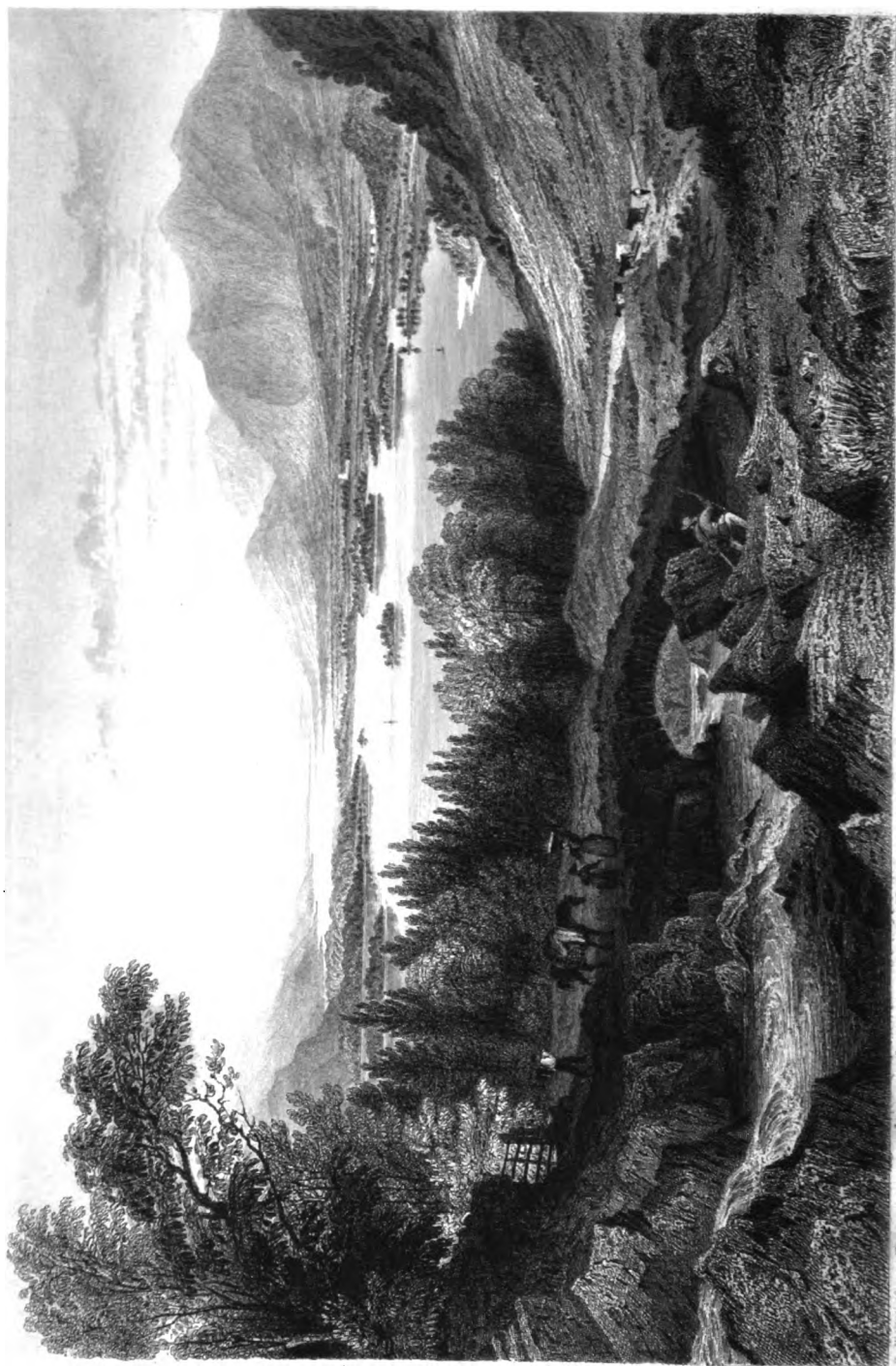
From the engraving by W. L. after Northcote.

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seen Mr. Southey in company where few people appear to advantage, we mean in that of Mr. Coleridge. He has not certainly the same range of speculation, nor the same flow of sounding words, but he makes up by the details of knowledge, and by a scrupulous correctness of statement for what he wants in originality of thought, or impetuous declamation. The tones of Mr. Coleridge's voice are eloquence: those of Mr. Southey are meagre, shrill, and dry. Mr. Coleridge's *forte* is conversation, and he is conscious of this: Mr. Southey evidently considers writing as his strong-hold, and if gravelled in an argument, or at a loss for an explanation, refers to something he has written on the subject, or brings out his port-folio, doubled down in dog-ears, in confirmation of some fact. He is scholastic and professional in his ideas. He sets more value on what he writes than on what he says: he is perhaps prouder of his library than of his own productions—themselves a library! He is more simple in his manners than his friend Mr. Coleridge; but at the same time less cordial or conciliating. He is less vain, or has less hope of pleasing, and therefore lays himself less out to please. There is an air of condescension in his civility. With a tall, loose

figure, a peaked austerity of countenance, and no inclination to *embonpoint*, you would say he has something puritanical, something ascetic in his appearance. He answers to Mandeville's description of Addison, "a parson in a tye-wig." He is not a boon companion, nor does he indulge in the pleasures of the table, nor in any other vice; nor are we aware that Mr. Southey is chargeable with any human frailty but—*want of charity!* Having fewer errors to plead guilty to, he is less lenient to those of others. He was born an age too late. Had he lived a century or two ago, he would have been a happy as well as blameless character. But the distraction of the time has unsettled him, and the multiplicity of his pretensions have jostled with each other. No man in our day (at least no man of genius) has led so uniformly and entirely the life of a scholar from boyhood to the present hour, devoting himself to learning with the enthusiasm of an early love, with the severity and constancy of a religious vow—and well would it have been for him if he had confined himself to this, and not undertaken to pull down or to patch up the State! However irregular in his opinions, Mr. Southey is constant, unremitting, mechanical in his studies, and the performance of his duties. There

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Derwentwater and Skiddaw

is nothing Pindaric or Shandean here. In all the relations and charities of private life, he is correct, exemplary, generous, just. We never heard a single impropriety laid to his charge; and if he has many enemies, few men can boast more numerous or stauncher friends.—The variety and piquancy of his writings form a striking contrast to the mode in which they are produced. He rises early, and writes or reads till breakfast-time. He writes or reads after breakfast till dinner, after dinner till tea, and from tea till bed-time—

“ And follows so the ever-running year
With profitable labour to his grave—”

on Derwent's banks, beneath the foot of Skiddaw. Study serves him for business, exercise, recreation. He passes from verse to prose, from history to poetry, from reading to writing, by a stop-watch. He writes a fair hand, without blots, sitting upright in his chair, leaves off when he comes to the bottom of the page, and changes the subject for another, as opposite as the Antipodes. His mind is after all rather the recipient and transmitter of knowledge, than the originator of it. He has hardly grasp of thought enough to arrive at any great leading truth. His passions do not

amount to more than irritability. With some gall in his pen, and coldness in his manner, he has a great deal of kindness in his heart. Rash in his opinions, he is steady in his attachments—and is a man, in many particulars admirable, in all respectable—his political inconsistency alone excepted !

MR. T. MOORE.—MR. LEIGH HUNT.

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Painted by F. Sicurell.

Engraved by G. Adcock.

THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

Thomas Moore.

LONDON: J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

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MR. T. MOORE.—MR. LEIGH HUNT,

“ Or winglet of the fairy humming-bird,
Like atoms of the rainbow fluttering round.”

CAMPBELL.

THE lines placed at the head of this sketch, from a contemporary writer, appear to us very descriptive of Mr. Moore's poetry. His verse is like a shower of beauty; a dance of images; a stream of music; or like the spray of the water-fall, tinged by the morning-beam with rosy light. The characteristic distinction of our author's style is this continuous and incessant flow of voluptuous thoughts and shining allusions. He ought to write with a crystal pen on silver paper. His subject is set off by a dazzling veil of poetic diction, like a wreath of flowers gemmed with innumerable dew-

drops, that weep, tremble, and glitter in liquid softness and pearly light, while the song of birds ravishes the ear, and languid odours breathe around, and Aurora opens Heaven's smiling portals, Peris and nymphs peep through the golden glades, and an Angel's wing glances over the glossy scene.

"No dainty flower or herb that grows on ground,
No arboret with painted blossoms drest,
And smelling sweet, but there it might be found
To bud out fair, and its sweet smells throw all around.

No tree, whose branches did not bravely spring;
No branch, whereon a fine bird did not sit;
No bird, but did her shrill notes sweetly sing;
No song, but did contain a lovely dit:
Trees, branches, birds, and songs were framed fit
For to allure frail minds to careless ease." . . .

Mr. Campbell's imagination is fastidious and select; and hence, though we meet with more exquisite beauties in his writings, we meet with them more rarely: there is comparatively a dearth of ornament. But Mr. Moore's strictest economy is "wasteful and superfluous excess:" he is always liberal, and never at a loss; for sooner than not stimulate and delight the reader, he is willing to be tawdry, or superficial, or common-place. His Muse must be fine at any rate, though she should paint, and

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wear cast-off decorations. Rather than have any lack of excitement, he repeats himself; and “Eden, and Eblis, and cherub-smiles” fill up the pauses of the sentiment with a sickly monotony.—It has been too much our author’s object to pander to the artificial taste of the age; and his productions, however brilliant and agreeable, are in consequence somewhat meretricious and effeminate. It was thought formerly enough to have an occasionally fine passage in the progress of a story or a poem, and an occasionally striking image or expression in a fine passage or description. But this style, it seems, was to be exploded as rude, Gothic, meagre, and dry. Now all must be raised to the same tantalising and preposterous level. There must be no pause, no interval, no repose, no gradation. Simplicity and truth yield up the palm to affectation and grimace. The craving of the public mind after novelty and effect is a false and uneasy appetite that must be pampered with fine words at every step—we must be tickled with sound, startled with shew, and relieved by the importunate, uninterrupted display of fancy and verbal tinsel as much as possible from the fatigue of thought or shock of feeling. A poem is to resemble an exhibition of fire-

works, with a continual explosion of quaint figures and devices, flash after flash, that surprise for the moment, and leave no trace of light or warmth behind them. Or modern poetry in its retrograde progress comes at last to be constructed on the principles of the modern OPERA, where an attempt is made to gratify every sense at every instant, and where the understanding alone is insulted and the heart mocked. It is in this view only that we can discover that Mr. Moore's poetry is vitiated or immoral,—it seduces the taste and enervates the imagination. It creates a false standard of reference, and inverts or decomposes the natural order of association, in which objects strike the thoughts and feelings. His is the poetry of the bath, of the toilette, of the saloon, of the fashionable world; not the poetry of nature, of the heart, or of human life. He stunts and enfeebles equally the growth of the imagination and the affections, by not taking the seed of poetry and sowing it in the ground of truth, and letting it expand in the dew and rain, and shoot up to heaven,

“ And spread its sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate its beauty to the sun,”—

instead of which he anticipates and defeats his own object, by plucking flowers and blossoms



THE AUTHOR OF "LALLA ROOKE"

Spencer
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from the stem, and setting them in the ground of idleness and folly—or in the cap of his own vanity, where they soon wither and disappear, “dying or ere they sicken!” This is but a sort of child’s play, a short-sighted ambition. In Milton we meet with many prosaic lines, either because the subject does not require raising or because they are necessary to connect the story, or serve as a relief to other passages—there is not such a thing to be found in all Mr. Moore’s writings. His volumes present us with “a perpetual feast of nectar’d sweets,”—but we cannot add,—“where no crude surfeit reigns.” He indeed cloyes with sweetness; he obscures with splendour; he fatigues with gaiety. We are stifled on beds of roses—we literally lie “on the rack of restless ecstasy.” His flowery fancy “looks so fair and smells so sweet, that the sense aches at it.” His verse droops and languishes under a load of beauty, like a bough laden with fruit. His gorgeous style is like “another morn risen on mid-noon.” There is no passage that is not made up of blushing lines, no line that is not enriched with a sparkling metaphor, no image that is left unadorned with a double epithet—all his verbs, nouns, adjectives, are equally glossy, smooth, and beautiful. Every stanza

is transparent with light, perfumed with odours, floating in liquid harmony, melting in luxurious, evanescent delights. His Muse is never contented with an offering from one sense alone, but brings another rifled charm to match it, and revels in a fairy round of pleasure. The interest is not dramatic, but melo-dramatic—it is a mixture of painting, poetry, and music, of the natural and preternatural, of obvious sentiment and romantic costume. A rose is a *Gul*, a nightingale a *Bulbul*. We might fancy ourselves in an eastern harem, amidst Ottomans, and otto of roses, and veils and spangles, and marble pillars, and cool fountains, and Arab maids and Genii, and magicians, and Peris, and cherubs, and what not? Mr. Moore has a little mistaken the art of poetry for the *cosmetic art*. He does not compose an historic group, or work out a single figure; but throws a variety of elementary sensations, of vivid impressions together, and calls it a description. He makes out an inventory of beauty—the smile on the lips, the dimple on the cheeks, *item*, golden locks, *item*, a pair of blue wings, *item*, a silver sound, with breathing fragrance and radiant light, and thinks it a character or a story. He gets together a number of fine things and fine

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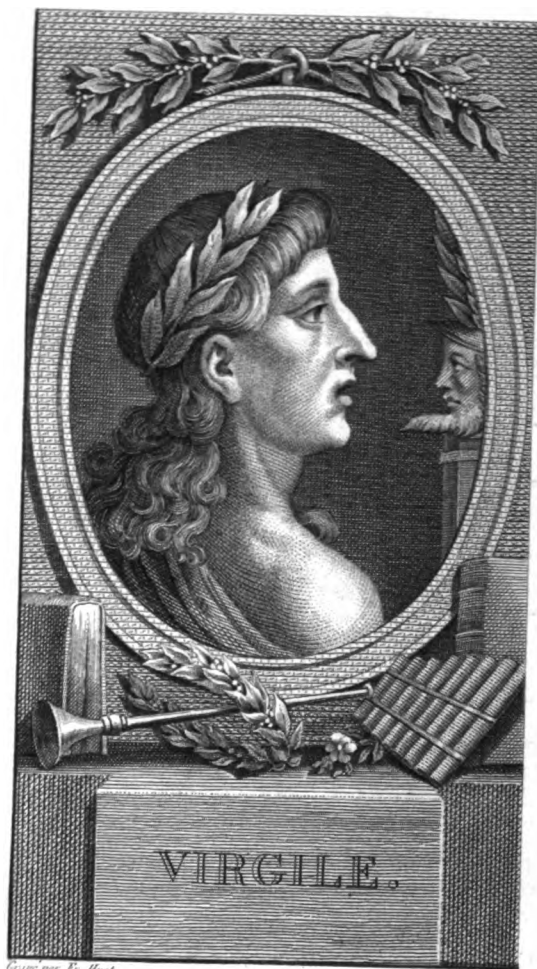
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Portrait of Ariosto 1774 April 1774.

ARIOSTO.

THE poet, Ariosto, one of the most celebrated of all the Italian bards, was born, in 1474, at Reggio, in Lombardy, of a family allied to the Dukes of Ferrara.

That genius, which has rendered him immortal, displayed itself at an early age. His tragedy of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* was composed while he was yet a child, and acted by his brothers and sisters.

His father, insensible to the charms of verse, was desirous of his applying to the more profitable study of the law. It is honourable to the young poet, that he acquiesced, much against his inclination, till the death of his father, when he resumed more congenial employments. He was introduced to Cardinal Hypolito, of Este; and, at the age of thirty years, inspired by the leisure in which his patron had placed him, began a work of more importance than any he had hitherto attempted.

The *Orlando Furioso* is, perhaps, really inferior to the *Jerusalem Delivered*, of Tasso, but it has more admirers; and, if every passage were separately compared with similar ones in Tasso, it is not improbable that the balance might incline in favour of Ariosto.

His *Seven Satires* greatly pleased in their day; but are neglected by posterity, as uninteresting. The common fate of all personal satire.

His *Five Comedies*, said to shew great dramattick ability, are as little known. But if he obtains not a seat near Terence, he has still the higher honour to be placed near Virgil and Homer.

Desirous of gratifying all tastes, he tried every species of composition. Terrible descriptions succeed to the most voluptuous images; which, in their turn, are followed by the sagest and most moral precepts.

His stories are inconceivable, impossible, and extravagant; but they are so well conducted, and so exquisitely written, that we pardon every extravagance, for the charms of the diction, and that exhaustless imagination which the poet continually displays.

The love of poetry did not prevent his applying himself to politicks; but, an indolent epicurean, he rather chose to quarrel with his benefactor, than accompany him to Hungary. At the death of the cardinal, he attached himself to Alphonso, Duke of Ferrara; for whom he translated the *Menechmi* of Plautus, and several French and Spanish dramas.

A feeble constitution disgusted him with life. He said, to those who were near him in his last moments, that most of his friends had departed; and that his only hope was, to meet them again. He died, in 1533, at the age of 59 years.

The Emperor Charles V. had bestowed on him a crown of laurel, in the same year—a presage of his poetical immortality!

names, and thinks that, flung on heaps, they make up a fine poem. This dissipated, fulsome, painted, patch-work style may succeed in the levity and languor of the *boudoir*, or might have been adapted to the Pavilions of royalty, but it is not the style of Parnassus, nor a passport to Immortality. It is not the taste of the ancients, “ ’tis not classical lore” —nor the fashion of Tibullus, or Theocritus, or Anacreon, or Virgil, or Ariosto, or Pope, or Byron, or any great writer among the living or the dead, but it is the style of our English Anacreon, and it is (or was) the fashion of the day! Let one example (and that an admired one) taken from *Lalla Rookh*, suffice to explain the mystery and soften the harshness of the foregoing criticism.

“ Now upon Syria's land of roses
Softly the light of eve reposez,
And like a glory, the broad sun
Hangs over sainted Lebanon:
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.
To one who look'd from upper air,
O'er all th' enchanted regions there,
How beauteous must have been the glow,
The life, the sparkling from below!

Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
 Of golden melons on their banks,
 More golden where the sun-light falls,—
 Gay lizards, glittering on the walls
 Of ruin'd shrines, busy and bright
 As they were all alive with light ;—
 And yet more splendid, numerous flocks
 Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,
 With their rich, restless wings, that gleam
 Various in the crimson beam
 Of the warm west, as if inlaid
 With brilliants from the mine, or made
 Of tearless rainbows, such as span
 The unclouded skies of Peristan !
 And then, the mingling sounds that come
 Of shepherd's ancient reed, with hum
 Of the wild bees of Palestine,
 Banqueting through the flowery vales—
 And, Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,
 And woods, so full of nightingales.”—

The following lines are the very perfection
 of Della Cruscan sentiment, and affected ori-
 entalism of style. The Peri exclaims on find-
 ing that old talisman and hackneyed poetical
 machine, “ a penitent tear”—

“ Joy, joy forever ! my task is done—
 The gates are pass'd, and Heaven is won !
 Oh ! am I not happy ? I am, I am—
 To thee, sweet Eden ! how dark and sad
 Are the diamond turrets of Shadukiam,
 And the fragrant bowers of Amberabad.”

There is in all this a play of fancy, a glitter of words, a shallowness of thought, and a want of truth and solidity that is wonderful, and that nothing but the heedless, rapid glide of the verse could render tolerable:—it seems that the poet, as well as the lover,

“ May bestride the Gossamer,
That wantons in the idle, summer air,
And yet not fall, so light is vanity!”

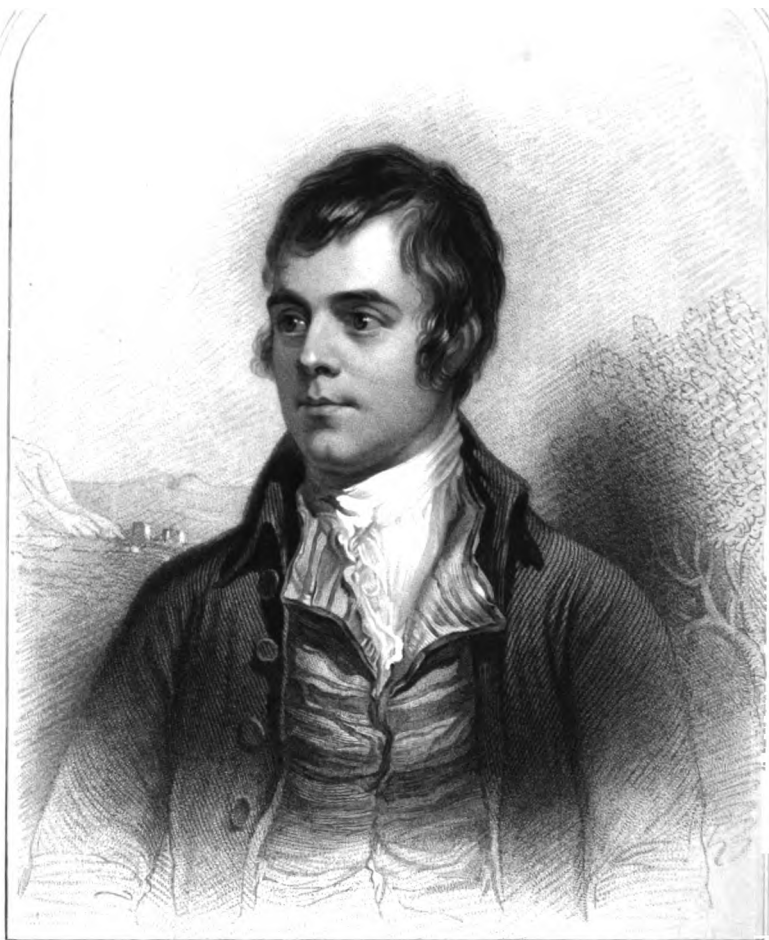
Mr. Moore ought not to contend with serious difficulties or with entire subjects. He can write verses, not a poem. There is no principle of massing or of continuity in his productions—neither height nor breadth nor depth of capacity. There is no truth of representation, no strong internal feeling—but a continual flutter and display of affected airs and graces, like a finished coquette, who hides the want of symmetry by extravagance of dress, and the want of passion by flippant forwardness and unmeaning sentimentality. All is flimsy, all is florid to excess. His imagination may dally with insect beauties, with Rosicrucian spells; may describe a butterfly's wing, a flower-pot, a fan: but it should not attempt to span the great outlines of nature, or keep pace with the sounding march of events,

or grapple with the strong fibres of the human heart. The great becomes turgid in his hands, the pathetic insipid. If Mr. Moore were to describe the heights of Chimboraco, instead of the loneliness, the vastness and the shadowy might, he would only think of adorning it with roseate tints, like a strawberry-ice, and would transform a magician's fortress in the Himalaya (stripped of its mysterious gloom and frowning horrors) into a jeweller's toy, to be set upon a lady's toilette. In proof of this, see above "the diamond turrets of Shadukiam," &c. The description of Mokanna in the fight, though it has spirit and grandeur of effect, has still a great alloy of the mock-heroic in it. The route of blood and death, which is otherwise well marked, is infested with a swarm of "fire-fly" fancies.

" In vain Mokanna, 'midst the general flight,
Stands, like the red moon, in some stormy night,
Among the fugitive clouds, that hurrying by,
Leave only her unshaken in the sky."

This simile is fine, and would have been perfect, but that the moon is not red, and that she seems to hurry by the clouds, not they by her.

Spirit
397



THE YOUNG MAN

THE YOUNG MAN

The description of the warrior's youthful adversary,

——“ Whose coming seems
A light, a glory, such as breaks in dreams.”—

is fantastic and enervated—a field of battle has nothing to do with dreams:—and again, the two lines immediately after,

“ And every sword, true as o'er billows dim
The needle tracks the load-star, following him”—

are a mere piece of enigmatical ingenuity and scientific *mimminee-pimminee*.

We cannot except the *Irish Melodies* from the same censure. If these national airs do indeed express the soul of impassioned feeling in his countrymen, the case of Ireland is hopeless. If these prettinesses pass for patriotism, if a country can heave from its heart's core only these vapid, varnished sentiments, lip-deep, and let its tears of blood evaporate in an empty conceit, let it be governed as it has been. There are here no tones to waken Liberty, to console Humanity. Mr. Moore converts the wild harp of Erin into a musical snuff-box *!—We *do* except from this censure the author's political squibs, and the “Two-

* Compare his songs with Burns's.

penny Post-bag." These are essences, are "nests of spicery," bitter and sweet, honey and gall together. No one can so well describe the set speech of a dull formalist*, or the flowing locks of a Dowager,

"In the manner of Ackermann's dresses for May."

His light, agreeable, polished style pierces through the body of the court — hits off the faded graces of "an Adonis of fifty," weighs the vanity of fashion in tremulous scales, mimics the grimace of affectation and folly, shews up the littleness of the great, and spears a phalanx of statesmen with its glittering point as with a diamond broach.

"In choosing songs the Regent named
 'Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd :'
 While gentle Hertford begg'd and pray'd
 For 'Young I am, and sore afraid.'"

* "There was a little man, and he had a little soul,
 And he said, Little soul, let us try," &c.—

Parody on

"There was a little man, and he had a little gun."—

One should think this exquisite ridicule of a pedantic effusion might have silenced for ever the automaton that delivered it: but the official personage in question at the close of the Session addressed an extra-official congratulation to the Prince Regent on a bill that had *not* passed—as if to repeat and insist upon our errors were to justify them.



GEORGE IV. WHEN PRINCE OF WALES.

(From an Unfinished Miniature by J. Russell, R.A. Same size as Original.)

Spirit
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Spencer
399 a



MATTHEW PRIOR,

FROM an obscure original, attained to an exalted rank in life. According to some accounts, he was born at Wimborne, in Dorsetshire; while others relate, that he was the son of George Prior, a citizen of London; and, in the register of St. John's College, Cambridge, he is denominated *filius Georgii Prior generosi*. By his uncle, a vintner, at Charing-cross, he was placed under Dr. Busby, at Westminster school; but after he returned to reside at his uncle's, he was fortunately observed by the Earl of Dorset, whilst reading Horace, who was so much pleased with his acquirements, that he generously undertook the care of his academical education at Cambridge. On the first year of Prior's admission, he wrote a copy of Latin verses on the marriage of George Prince of Denmark with the Lady Anne. Being admitted to his bachelor's degree in 1686, in two years afterwards he produced his poem on the Deities, as a college exercise, which recommended him to the Earl of Exeter, which appears from his verses "to the Countess of Exeter," and his lines on the famous picture of "Seneca dying in a bath." In conjunction with the Hon. Charles Montague, he next produced "the City Mouse and Country Mouse," in ridicule of Dryden's "Hind and Panther."

Being invited to London by the Earl of Dorset, in 1691, Prior was sent to the congress at the Hague as secretary to the Earl of Berkeley; and he was afterwards appointed one of the gentlemen of the King's bed-chamber, which enabled him to devote considerable time to the quiet pursuit of literature. On the death of Queen Mary in 1695, Prior wrote an ode, which he presented to the King on his arrival from Holland, fraught with the highest encomiums on the character of his much-loved consort. Appointed secretary to the embassy on the treaty of Ryswick, he was presented by the lords justices with a considerable sum as a remuneration for his services. The next year he filled the same office at the court of Versailles. In 1699, Prior attended his sovereign at Loo, and in 1700 produced the *Carmen Seculare*. In 1701, he was elected for East Grinstead, and abandoning the Whig party, voted for the impeachment of Lord Somers and other peers, charged with recommending the Partition treaty. The greatest part of Queen Anne's reign being spent in war, Prior gave full scope to his poetical genius. His poems he dedicated to the Duke of Dorset. Prior, having been sent to Paris after the negotiations commenced that terminated in the peace of Utrecht, was honoured with the confidence of Louis XIV., and rose to the dignity of an ambassador: he continued at Paris some months after the accession of George I. when he was succeeded by the Earl of Stair; but, after his return to London in 1715, Walpole moved the house to impeach him for high treason, and he remained in custody till 1717, when an act of grace was passed, from which he was at first excepted. In a state of degradation at the age of fifty-three, Prior was obliged to have recourse to his studies, and was successful beyond his expectation; but, whilst engaged in writing a History of his own Times, he departed this life at Wimpole, the seat of his distinguished patron, the Earl of Oxford, and was interred in Westminster-abbey.

Dr. Johnson observed: "Prior has written with great variety, and his variety has made him popular. He has tried all styles, from the grotesque to the solemn, and has not failed in any, so as to incur derision or disgrace." Prior, though not panegyrised by his contemporaries, had justice done him by Gay, Mallet, and Lloyd, in strains that do honour to their genius and candour.

Spirit
399 £



NAPOLEON.

Nothing in Pope or Prior ever surpassed the delicate insinuation and adroit satire of these lines, and hundreds more of our author's composition. We wish he would not take pains to make us think of them with less pleasure than formerly.—The "Fudge Family" is in the same spirit, but with a little falling-off. There is too great a mixture of undisguised Jacobinism and fashionable *slang*. The "divine Fanny Bias" and "the mountains *à la Russe*" figure in somewhat quaintly with Buonaparte and the Bourbons. The poet also launches the lightning of political indignation; but it rather plays round and illumines his own pen than reaches the devoted heads at which it is aimed!

Mr. Moore is in private life an amiable and estimable man. The embellished and voluptuous style of his poetry, his unpretending origin, and his *mignon* figure soon introduced him to the notice of the great, and his gaiety, his wit, his good-humour, and many agreeable accomplishments fixed him there, the darling of his friends and the idol of fashion. If he is no longer familiar with Royalty as with his garter, the fault is not his—his adherence to his principles caused the separation—his love of his country was the cloud that intercepted the sunshine of court-favour. This

is so far well. Mr. Moore vindicates his own dignity; but the sense of intrinsic worth, of wide-spread fame, and of the intimacy of the great makes him perhaps a little too fastidious and *exigeant* as to the pretensions of others. He has been so long accustomed to the society of Whig Lords, and so enchanted by the smile of beauty and fashion, that he really fancies himself one of the *set*, to which he is admitted on sufferance, and tries very unnecessarily to keep others out of it. He talks familiarly of works that are or are not read "in *our* circle;" and seated smiling and at his ease in a coronet-coach, enlivening the owner by his brisk sallies and Attic conceits, is shocked, as he passes, to see a Peer of the realm shake hands with a poet. There is a little indulgence of spleen and envy, a little servility and pandering to aristocratic pride in this proceeding. Is Mr. Moore bound to advise a Noble Poet to get as fast as possible out of a certain publication, lest he should not be able to give an account at Holland or at Lansdown House, how his friend Lord B—— had associated himself with his friend L. H——? Is he afraid that the "Spirit of Monarchy" will eclipse the "Fables for the Holy Alliance" in virulence and plain speaking? Or are the members of



Engraved by W. B. Smith, from a drawing by J. M. W. Turner.

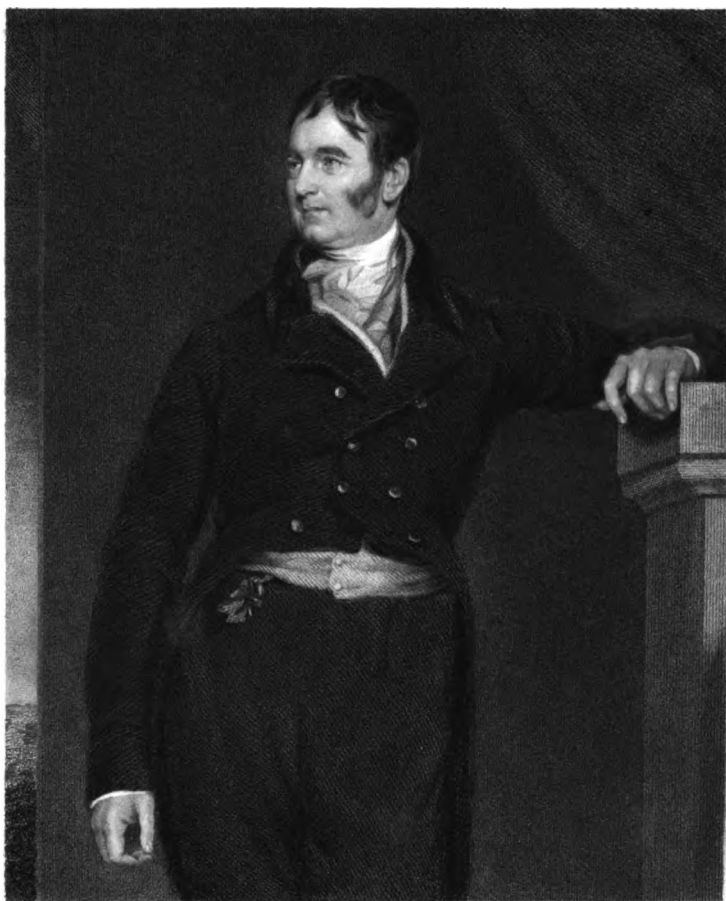
From the collection of the Earl of Arundel.

HOLLAND HOUSE, Middlesex.

Engraved by J. M. W. Turner, from a drawing by J. M. W. Turner.

Spin

400 w



Painted by Sir Tho^s Lawrence, P. R. A.

Engraved by H. Cook.

THE RT HON^{ble} HENRY FITZMAURICE-PETTY, D.C.L. F.R.S. MARQUESS OF LANSDOWNE.

Lansdowne

PRINTED BY A. & C. CO. LONDON, 1833.

Spine
400 b

the “Fudge Family” to secure a monopoly for the abuse of the Bourbons and the doctrine of Divine Right? Because he is genteel and sarcastic, may not others be paradoxical and argumentative? Or must no one bark at a Minister or General, unless they have been first dandled, like a little French pug-dog, in the lap of a lady of quality? Does Mr. Moore insist on the double claim of birth and genius as a title to respectability in all advocates of the popular side—but himself? Or is he anxious to keep the pretensions of his patrician and plebeian friends quite separate, so as to be himself the only point of union, a sort of *double meaning*, between the two? It is idle to think of setting bounds to the weakness and illusions of self-love as long as it is confined to a man’s own breast; but it ought not to be made a plea for holding back the powerful hand that is stretched out to save another struggling with the tide of popular prejudice, who has suffered shipwreck of health, fame and fortune in a common cause, and who has deserved the aid and the good wishes of all who are (on principle) embarked in the same cause by equal zeal and honesty, if not by equal talents to support and to adorn it!

We shall conclude the present article with

a short notice of an individual who, in the cast of his mind and in political principle, bears no very remote resemblance to the patriot and wit just spoken of, and on whose merits we should descant at greater length, but that personal intimacy might be supposed to render us partial. It is well when personal intimacy produces this effect; and when the light, that dazzled us at a distance, does not on a closer inspection turn out an opaque substance. This is a charge that none of his friends will bring against Mr. Leigh Hunt. He improves upon acquaintance. The author translates admirably into the man. Indeed the very faults of his style are virtues in the individual. His natural gaiety and sprightliness of manner, his high animal spirits, and the *vinous* quality of his mind, produce an immediate fascination and intoxication in those who come in contact with him, and carry off in society whatever in his writings may to some seem flat and impertinent. From great sanguineness of temper, from great quickness and unsuspecting simplicity, he runs on to the public as he does at his own fire-side, and talks about himself, forgetting that he is not always among friends. His look, his tone are required to point many things that he says: his frank, cordial man-



Leigh Hunt

Engraved by W. Rogers from a Drawing by J. H. P.

Spent
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ner reconciles you instantly to a little overbearing, over-weening self-complacency. "To be admired, he needs but to be seen:" but perhaps he ought to be seen to be fully appreciated. No one ever sought his society who did not come away with a more favourable opinion of him: no one was ever disappointed, except those who had entertained idle prejudices against him. He sometimes trifles with his readers, or tires of a subject (from not being urged on by the stimulus of immediate sympathy)—but in conversation he is all life and animation, combining the vivacity of the school-boy with the resources of the wit and the taste of the scholar. The personal character, the spontaneous impulses, do not appear to excuse the author, unless you are acquainted with his situation and habits—like some proud beauty who gives herself what we think strange airs and graces under a mask, but who is instantly forgiven when she shews her face. We have said that Lord Byron is a sublime coxcomb: why should we not say that Mr. Hunt is a delightful one? There is certainly an exuberance of satisfaction in his manner which is more than the strict logical premises warrant, and which dull and phlegmatic constitutions know nothing of, and cannot understand

till they see it. He is the only poet or literary man we ever knew who puts us in mind of Sir John Suckling or Killigrew or Carew; or who united rare intellectual acquirements with outward grace and natural gentility. Mr. Hunt ought to have been a gentleman born, and to have patronised men of letters. He might then have played, and sung, and laughed, and talked his life away; have written manly prose, elegant verse; and his *Story of Rimini* would have been praised by Mr. Blackwood. As it is, there is no man now living who at the same time writes prose and verse so well, with the exception of Mr. Southey (an exception, we fear, that will be little palatable to either of these gentlemen). His prose writings, however, display more consistency of principle than the laureate's: his verses more taste. We will venture to oppose his Third Canto of the *Story of Rimini* for classic elegance and natural feeling to any equal number of lines from Mr. Southey's *Epics* or from Mr. Moore's *Lalla Rookh*. In a more gay and conversational style of writing, we think his *Epistle to Lord Byron* on his going abroad, is a masterpiece;—and the *Feast of the Poets* has run through several editions. A light, familiar grace, and mild unpretending pathos are the



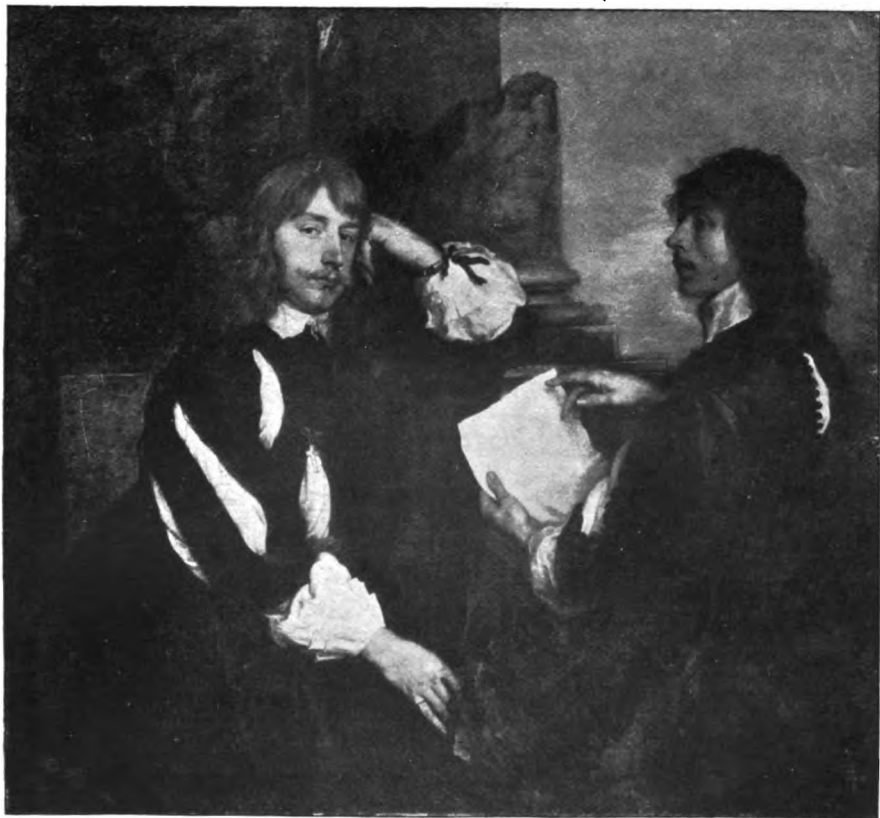
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ALF. NORTH, F.R.S.E.

To the Hon. the Lord of the Treasury

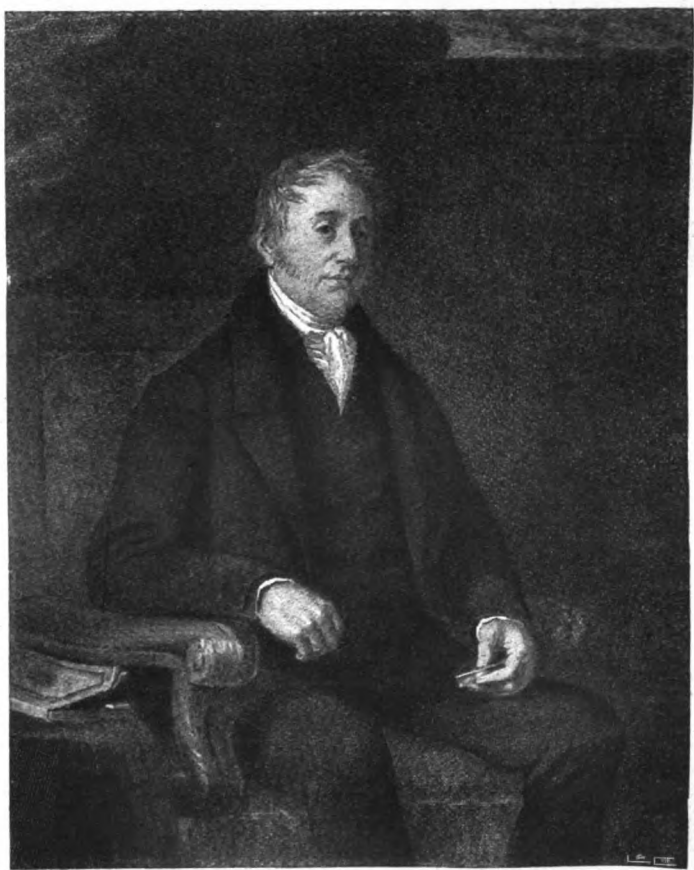
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From photograph by Franz Hanfstuegl.

*Portraits of Thomas Killigrew and Thomas Carew. By Van Dyck.
In the collection of H.M. the Queen, at Windsor Castle.*

Spinn
404 6



WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, FOUNDER OF THE PUBLISHING HOUSE OF BLACKWOOD.

AFTER THE PAINTING BY SIR WILLIAM ALLAN, ETCHED BY F. HUTH.

From "William Blackwood and Sons," by Mrs. Oliphant.

Spirit
404 c

characteristics of his more sportive or serious writings, whether in poetry or prose. A smile plays round the features of the one; a tear is ready to start from the thoughtful gaze of the other. He perhaps takes too little pains, and indulges in too much wayward caprice in both. A wit and a poet, Mr. Hunt is also distinguished by fineness of tact and sterling sense: he has only been a visionary in humanity, the fool of virtue. What then is the drawback to so many shining qualities, that has made them useless, or even hurtful to their owner? His crime is, to have been Editor of the *Examiner* ten years ago, when some allusion was made in it to the age of the present king, and that, though his Majesty has grown older, our luckless politician is no wiser than he was then!

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ELIA AND GEOFFREY CRAYON.



*Yours truly
Edmund*

Smith
2000





WASHINGTON IRVING.

Washington Irving

Engraved according to a portrait by the American Artist, James Herring, on the Clerk's Office of
the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

Print
408 6

ELIA, AND GEOFFREY CRAYON.

So Mr. Charles Lamb and Mr. Washington Irvine choose to designate themselves; and as their lucubrations under one or other of these *noms de guerre* have gained considerable notice from the public, we shall here attempt to discriminate their several styles and manner, and to point out the beauties and defects of each in treating of somewhat similar subjects.

Mr. Irvine is, we take it, the more popular writer of the two, or a more general favourite: Mr. Lamb has more devoted, and perhaps more judicious partisans. Mr. Irvine is by birth an American, and has, as it were, *skimmed the cream*, and taken off patterns with great skill and cleverness, from our best known and happiest writers, so that their thoughts

and almost their reputation are indirectly transferred to his page, and smile upon us from another hemisphere, like "the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow:" he succeeds to our admiration and our sympathy by a sort of prescriptive title and traditional privilege. Mr. Lamb, on the contrary, being "native to the manner here," though he too has borrowed from previous sources, instead of availing himself of the most popular and admired, has groped out his way, and made his most successful researches among the more obscure and intricate, though certainly not the least pithy or pleasant of our writers. Mr. Washington Irvine has culled and transplanted the flowers of modern literature, for the amusement of the general reader: Mr. Lamb has raked among the dust and cobwebs of a more remote period, has exhibited specimens of curious relics, and pored over moth-eaten, decayed manuscripts, for the benefit of the more inquisitive and discerning part of the public. Antiquity after a time has the grace of novelty, as old fashions revived are mistaken for new ones; and a certain quaintness and singularity of style is an agreeable relief to the smooth and insipid monotony of modern composition. Mr. Lamb has succeeded not by conforming

to the *Spirit of the Age*, but in opposition to it. He does not ~~march~~ boldly along with the crowd, but ~~steals~~ off the pavement to pick his ~~way~~ in the contrary direction. He prefers *bye-ways* to *highways*. When the full tide of human life pours along to some festive shew, to some pageant of a day, Elia would stand on one side to look over an old book-stall, or stroll down some deserted pathway in search of a pensive inscription over a tottering door-way, or some quaint device in architecture, illustrative of embryo art and ancient manners. Mr. Lamb has the very soul of an antiquarian, as this implies a reflecting humanity; the film of the past hovers for ever before him. He is shy, sensitive, the reverse of every thing coarse, vulgar, obtrusive, and *common-place*. He would fain "shuffle off this mortal coil," and his spirit clothes itself in the garb of elder time, homelier, but more durable. He is borne along with no pompous paradoxes, shines in no glittering tinsel of a fashionable phraseology; is neither fop nor sophist. He has none of the turbulence or froth of new-fangled opinions. His style runs pure and clear, though it may often take an underground course, or be conveyed through old-fashioned conduit-pipes. Mr. Lamb does not court

popularity, nor strut in gaudy plumes, but shrinks from every kind of ostentatious and obvious pretension into the retirement of his own mind.

“ The self-applauding bird, the peacock see :—
 Mark what a sumptuous pharisee is he !
 Meridian sun-beams tempt him to unfold
 His radiant glories, azure, green, and gold :
 He treads as if, some solemn music near,
 His measured step were governed by his ear :
 And seems to say—Ye meaner fowl, give place,
 I am all splendour, dignity, and grace !
 Not so the pheasant on his charms presumes,
 Though he too has a glory in his plumes.
 He, christian-like, retreats with modest mien
 To the close copse or far sequestered green,
 And shines without desiring to be seen.”

These lines well describe the modest and delicate beauties of Mr. Lamb's writings, contrasted with the lofty and vain-glorious pretensions of some of his contemporaries. This gentleman is not one of those who pay all their homage to the prevailing idol : he thinks that

“ New-born gauds are made and moulded of things past.”

nor does he

“ Give to dust that is a little gilt
 More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.”

His convictions “do not in broad rumour lie,” nor are they “set off to the world in the glittering foil” of fashion; but “live and breathe aloft in those pure eyes, and perfect judgment of all-seeing *time*.” Mr. Lamb rather affects and is tenacious of the obscure and remote: of that which rests on its own intrinsic and silent merit; which scorns all alliance, or even the suspicion of owing any thing to noisy clamour, to the glare of circumstances. There is a fine tone of *chiaro-scuro*, a moral perspective in his writings. He delights to dwell on that which is fresh to the eye of memory; he yearns after and covets what soothes the frailty of human nature. That touches him most nearly which is withdrawn to a certain distance, which verges on the borders of oblivion:—that piques and provokes his fancy most, which is hid from a superficial glance. That which, though gone by, is still remembered, is in his view more genuine, and has given more “vital signs that it will live,” than a thing of yesterday, that may be forgotten to-morrow. Death has in this sense the spirit of life in it; and the shadowy has to our author something substantial in it. Ideas savour most of reality in his mind; or rather his imagination loiters on the edge of each, and a page of his writings

recals to our fancy the *stranger* on the grate, fluttering in its dusky tenuity, with its idle superstition and hospitable welcome!

Mr. Lamb has a distaste to new faces, to new books, to new buildings, to new customs. He is shy of all imposing appearances, of all assumptions of self-importance, of all adventitious ornaments, of all mechanical advantages, even to a nervous excess. It is not merely that he does not rely upon, or ordinarily avail himself of them; he holds them in abhorrence, he utterly abjures and discards them, and places a great gulph between him and them. He disdains all the vulgar artifices of authorship, all the cant of criticism, and helps to notoriety. He has no grand swelling theories to attract the visionary and the enthusiast, no passing topics to allure the thoughtless and the vain. He evades the present, he mocks the future. His affections revert to, and settle on the past, but then, even this must have something personal and local in it to interest him deeply and thoroughly; he pitches his tent in the suburbs of existing manners; brings down the account of character to the few straggling remains of the last generation; seldom ventures beyond the bills of mortality, and occupies that nice point be-

tween egotism and disinterested humanity. No one makes the tour of our southern metropolis, or describes the manners of the last age, so well as Mr. Lamb—with so fine, and yet so formal an air—with such vivid obscurity, with such arch piquancy, such picturesque quaintness, such smiling pathos. How admirably he has sketched the former inmates of the South-Sea House; what “fine fretwork he makes of their double and single entries!” With what a firm, yet subtle peneil he has embodied *Mrs. Battle’s Opinions on Whist!* How notably he embalms a battered *beau*; how delightfully an amour, that was cold forty years ago, revives in his pages! With what well-disguised humour he introduces us to his relations, and how freely he serves up his friends! Certainly, some of his portraits are *fixtures*, and will do to hang up as lasting and lively emblems of human infirmity. Then there is no one who has so sure an ear for “the chimes at midnight,” not even excepting Mr. Justice Shallow; nor could Master Silence himself take his “cheese and pippins” with a more significant and satisfactory air. With what a gusto Mr. Lamb describes the inns and courts of law, the Temple and Gray’s-Inn, as if he had been a student there for the last two hundred years,

and had been as well acquainted with the person of Sir Francis Bacon as he is with his portrait or writings! It is hard to say whether St. John's Gate is connected with more intense and authentic associations in his mind, as a part of old London Wall, or as the frontispiece (time out of mind) of the Gentleman's Magazine. He haunts Watling-street like a gentle spirit; the avenues to the play-houses are thick with panting recollections, and Christ's-Hospital still breathes the balmy breath of infancy in his description of it! Whittington and his Cat are a fine hallucination for Mr. Lamb's historic Muse, and we believe he never heartily forgave a certain writer who took the subject of Guy Faux out of his hands. The streets of London are his fairy-land, teeming with wonder, with life and interest to his retrospective glance, as it did to the eager eye of childhood; he has contrived to weave its tritest traditions into a bright and endless romance!

Mr. Lamb's taste in books is also fine, and it is peculiar. It is not the worse for a little *idiosyncrasy*. He does not go deep into the Scotch novels, but he is at home in Smollett and Fielding. He is little read in Junius or Gibbon, but no man can give a better account of Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, or Sir



LORD BACON.

FRANCIS, lord Verulam, and Viscount St. Alban's, commonly called LORD BACON, one of our earliest and greatest philosophers, was son of sir Nicholas Bacon, lord-keeper of the great seal; and born at York house, in the Strand, on the 22d of January 1561. His mother, second daughter of sir Anthony Cooke, was eminently distinguished for piety and learning. While an infant, he was noticed by Queen Elizabeth, for the readiness of his wit; and she frequently called him her young lord-keeper. At twelve years of age, he went to Trinity college, Cambridge; and such was his incredible progress in science, that he had, at sixteen, not only become a complete master of the whole circle of liberal arts, as then taught, but began to perceive those imperfections in the reigning philosophy, which he afterwards so effectually exposed.

On quitting the university, his father sent him to France; where, before he was nineteen, he wrote a general view of the state of Europe: but, sir Nicholas dying, he returned to England, and studied the common-law in Gray's Inn. Here he was patronized by the earl of Essex; whose death it was afterwards his official duty to palliate, which has drawn on him the reproach of ingratitude. In 1605, he published the first specimen of his great work, the *Advancement of Learning*; and, about this period, married Alice, daughter of Benedict Barham, esq. alderman of London, with an ample fortune, but never had any offspring. At the accession of James I. he wrote in favour of the union of England and Scotland; and, in 1616, was sworn of the privy council. The next year, he was appointed keeper of the great seal; and, the year following, chancellor of England, with the title of lord Verulam. In the midst of these honours, and notwithstanding his multiplicity of business, he neither forgot nor neglected his philosophical studies; but published, in 1620, his *Novum Organum Scientiarum*.

Such had been his extreme anxiety for the perfection of this great work, presenting an infallible method of exercising the faculty of reason, that he is said to have actually revised and altered twelve copies before he brought it to that state in which it at length appeared. Having sent it to the king, he received a letter from his majesty which reflects much honour on both their memories.

Being accused of bribery and corruption, the king prevailed on him to make no defence; and he was, May 3, 1621, fined 40,000*l.* and sentenced to be imprisoned during his majesty's pleasure. The gifts were chiefly to his servants; and, during his trial, on their rising from their seats, as he passed them—"sit down, my masters," said his lordship, "your rise has been my fall."

He retired, after a short confinement in the Tower, to the shade of a contemplative life, which he had always loved. The king also remitted his fine; and, in the first year of Charles I. he was again summoned to parliament.

His last five years were wholly devoted to philosophic studies. On an excursion to try some experiments in natural philosophy, he was obliged to stop at the earl of Arundel's, Highgate; and there, in a few days, April 9, 1626, this great man expired. He was buried in the chapel of St. Michael's church, St. Alban's; where a monument was erected to his memory, by his indefatigable secretary, sir Thomas Meautys.

Addison says, that Bacon had the sound, distinct, comprehensive knowledge of Aristotle, with all the beautiful light graces of Cicero: and lord Orford, who calls him the prophet of arts which Newton was afterwards to reveal, pronounces that his genius and his works must be universally admired as long as science exists.

Spinn
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410 h

SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON. (*From an old Portrait.*)

Spine
416 L



Published by Harrison No. 10. June 1. 1790.

DR. TOBIAS SMOLLET.

THIS celebrated author was born near Cameron, on the banks of the River Leven, Scotland, in 1720. He was intended for the medical profession; and, at the siege of Carthagena, acted as a surgeon. He has described this expedition in his novel of Roderick Random.

On his return, he quitted the sea; and appears to have entirely devoted himself to literary pursuits. He wrote several things before he became known as an author. Like most young writers, he cultivated poetry; but never attained to eminence by such effusions.

In 1748, he published his novel of Roderick Random, which was attended with uncommon success. It gave him celebrity, and ensured success for his future productions. In 1751, appeared Peregrine Pickle; which, if not equal to the other, is a work of great ingenuity and entertainment.

In 1752, he attempted to resume the practice of physick; and, during his residence at Bath, published a treatise on the waters. But his professional efforts not being encouraged, he returned to Chelsea, relying on his pen for the means of subsistence. He was the first manager of the Critical Review, which commenced in 1755; and continued to write for that literary journal till 1763, though it involved him in some unpleasant controversies.

In 1757, he began his History of England, the success of which was prodigious, little as it is now regarded; and, about this period, he published several novels, and other productions.

He had failed in some early attempts for the stage; but his farce, called the Reprisals, or Tars of Old England, was brought out with success, and is still occasionally performed.

The genius of Smollet, though his abilities were very general, must be looked for in his novels. As an original delineator of sea characters, we are unable to mention his equal. Ferdinand Count Fathom had been published two years after Roderick Random, Sir Launcelot Greaves was produced in 1762, the Adventures of an Atom in 1769, and Humphry Clucker in 1771. Of these, the two first are certainly romantic, but extravagant; the third is political; and the last discovers an admirable knowledge of life and manners.

It would be difficult to enumerate all his literary labours. He translated Gil Blas, the Devil on Two Sticks, Don Quixote, and Telemachus.

After the secession of his patron, Lord Bute, from administration, he travelled with dejected spirits, and infirm health, through France, to Italy; where he died, in 1771.

His widow, who had retired to Jamaica, was some years since reduced to the humiliating necessity of soliciting publick charity!

Spent
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Sum
416 d



GIBBON.

THIS eminent English historian was born at Putney, in 1737. His father, Edward Gibbon, Esq. was a gentleman of family and fortune, and sat in two parliaments. Edward, his only child, was in his ninth year sent to Dr. Woodeson's school, at Kingston-upon-Thames. Having acquired the rudiments of Latin, he returned to his friends, and as in his twelfth year he read a variety of English books of poetry, romance, history, and travels, he mentioned this "as the most propitious to the growth of his intellectual stature." He was then entered at Westminster School, but repeated attacks of ill health prevented him from making a regular progress in the classical studies here. His constitution at length acquiring firmness, his father placed him as a gentleman commoner in Magdalen College, Oxford; yet the short time he spent here, not exceeding fourteen months, he has stigmatised as "the most idle and unprofitable of his life."

In 1753, thinking he was able to enter the lists of controversy with a catholic priest, he found himself completely vanquished in argument, and solemnly abjured the errors of heresy. His father, offended at his conduct on this occasion, sent him to Lausanne, in Switzerland, to be under the care of M. Pavilliard, a calvinist minister; here his faith in the Romish articles gradually gave way, and on Christmas-day, 1754, he received the sacrament in the protestant church. At Lausanne, he made himself master of the French and Latin languages, and of the art of logic, and read with great attention many excellent authors: belles-lettres, and the history of man and the human mind, were his favourite objects of study; mathematics he only touched upon, and left. What he called his banishment at Lausanne terminating in 1758, he was received by his father with favour and affection, and almost immediately undertook the arduous task of writing a work in a foreign language, which required polish and even elegance of style; this was his "*Essai sur l'Étude de la Littérature*," which was printed in 1761. At this time he was not twenty-two years of age: the topics most enlarged upon are taste, criticism, and philosophy; on which subjects there are many old observations well repeated; many ingenious conjectures advanced, and much reading displayed. It was preceded by an eulogium by Dr. Maty, and a dedication so strikingly manly and affectionate to the author's father, that, if a reconciliation had not previously taken place, little doubt could have remained of its being effected by such a production. As his father had a command in the militia of Hampshire, where his estates lay, he was soon after joined by his son, who took a captain's commission, which he held about two years and a half.

After the peace of 1763, he visited Paris, and, when he had spent some months with the gay and learned there, he visited Lausanne, preparatory to his journey into Italy. At Rome, "among the bare-footed friars who were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter," he conceived the first idea of writing the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. In 1770, Mr. Gibbon's father died, and in 1774 he obtained a seat in the House of Commons, for the borough of Liskeard, through the favour of his kinsman, Lord Elliot; but during eight years never had the courage to open his mouth, though he always voted with the minister against the American revolution. In the beginning of 1776, the first volume, in quarto, of his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* appeared; all the attacks against which he parried with the utmost ingenuity. The progress of a disease which had existed above thirty years terminated in a mortification, and carried him off, on the 16th of January 1794, in his sixty-seventh year. His approaching end, though unsuspected, did not in the least disturb his tranquillity.

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Spain
417 a



THOMAS BROWNE.

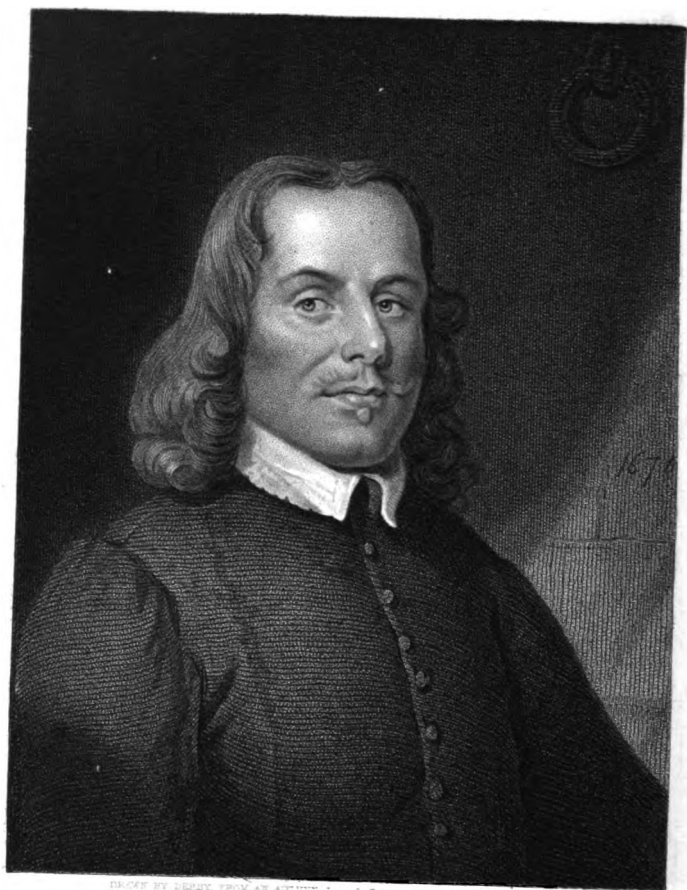
Saint
417 E



DR THOMAS FULLER.

Taken by permission of Lord Fitz-Hardinge, from the portrait
at Cranford House, Middlesex.

Sperit
417 c



PROOF BY RESSE, FROM AN ORIGINAL

*we pray you
in the bowels of charity
for Benjamin 1682*

Spin
417 d.



PARNELL.

THIS pleasing poet was descended from an antient family in Cheshire. His father, who had adhered to the parliament in the civil wars, went to Ireland upon the Restoration, where he purchased an estate. Thomas, his eldest son, was born at Dublin in 1679, where he received his school education, and at the age of thirteen was transferred to the College. In 1700, he was admitted to the degree of M. A., took deacon's orders in the same year, and was ordained priest three years afterwards. In 1705 he was presented to the archdeaconry of Clogher, and about the same time married a lady of great beauty and merit. He now began to make those frequent excursions to England, in which the greatest part of his life was afterwards spent.

He became familiar with several distinguished men of letters, who were Whigs, as Addison, Congreve, and Steele; but towards the latter end of Queen Anne's reign, influenced as it is supposed by Swift, the zealous partisan of the Tories, Parnell deserted his former friends, and joined in close union with Pope, Gay, Arbuthnot, &c. Swift introduced him to the Lord Treasurer Harley, with great ceremony; and yet Parnell could never claim any high rank in literature. He was at one time an assiduous preacher in the London pulpits; but the change of the ministry at Queen Anne's death, at once destroyed all his prospects in the church. By Swift's recommendation, however, he obtained, from Archbishop King, a prebend, and the valuable living of Finglass. In 1712, his domestic happiness received a severe shock by the death of his beloved wife, which is said to have led him into those habits of intemperance in wine, which shortened his life. Though Goldsmith has represented him as a martyr to conjugal fidelity, he was in fact a man always, after this event, fluctuating between elevation and despondency; and so inconsistent, that, whilst frequenting society in the wilds of Ireland, he could not refrain from treating it with ridicule and contempt in his letters to his English friends; and the report of his splenetic effusions on this head subjected him to various mortifications.

He died at Chester on his way to Ireland, in July 1717, in the thirty-eighth year of his age, and was buried without any monumental record at Trinity church, in that city. Parnell was the author of several pieces, both in prose and verse. He wrote the life of Homer, prefixed to Pope's *Iliad*; a life of Zoilus, meant as a satire against Theobald and Dennis; and some papers in the *Spectator* and *Guardian*. After his death, Pope selected such of Parnell's compositions as he thought worth preserving, and published them in one volume octavo, 1721. Some posthumous pieces were printed at Dublin in 1758, in bulk superior to the former, but inferior in merit: Dr. Johnson thought it superfluous to inquire into the authenticity of the latter volume, or to canvass its merits; he therefore expressly limited his commendations to that first published by Pope.

The characteristics of Parnell's pieces are ease, sprightiness, fancy, clearness, and melody of versification. Their sentiments are elegant, and their morality pure. Several of them are translations, or imitations, happily executed: Parnell's *Herauit*, like Gray's *Elegy*, has, however, enjoyed a kind of immortality. Though his biographer, Goldsmith, is disposed to throw all possible lustre on his character, he does not raise it higher than that of a benevolently disposed man, pleasant in company when in spirits, much attached to his particular friends, and so much addicted to conviviality, that he preferred almost any company to solitude. Every year, it is said, as soon as he had collected his rents upon his estate, and the revenue of his benefices, he came over to England, and spent some months, living in a style of luxury, and rather impairing than improving his fortune.

Shirley
417 E



GAY.

THIS cotemporary with Pope, Swift, and other celebrated geniusses, was the descendant of an ancient family that had long been in possession of the manor of Goldworthy, in Devonshire, and was born in 1688, at or near Barnstaple. Being sent to the school of that town, a little before he retired from it he published a volume of Latin and English Poems; but, having no hereditary riches, he was sent to London, and apprenticed to a silk mercer. Here, it seems, he soon became weary of the restraint, or what he might deem the servility, of his situation; however, his master was easily persuaded to release him from any obligation, and in 1712 he got into the service of the duchess of Monmouth as her secretary. The year following he published his *Rural Sports*, and inscribed it to Mr. Pope, then rising fast into reputation. Pope, when he became acquainted with Gay, found such attractions in his manners and conversation, that a friendship was formed between them, which lasted till their separation by death. In the following year he published *The Shepherds' Week*, six English pastorals, in which the images are drawn from real life, as it appears in remote parts of England; and these pastorals were read as just representations of rural manners and occupations. In 1713 he brought out his comedy of the *Wife of Bath*; but as this received no applause, he printed it; and seventeen years after, having, as he supposed, adapted it more to the public taste, he again offered it for the stage; but had the mortification of seeing it rejected, even while he was flattered with the success of his *Beggars' Opera*. In the last year of Queen Anne, Gay was appointed secretary to the earl of Clarendon, ambassador to the court of Hanover.

In 1717, he brought out *Three Weeks after Marriage*, a comedy written to ridicule Dr. Woodward, the *Fossilist*, a man not really or justly contemptible: and the performers were driven off the stage. Gay, after this, falling into dejection, the earl of Burlington sent him into Devonshire, and the year after 1717 Mr. Pulteney took him to Aix: in the following year lord Harcourt invited him to his seat, where, during his visit, two rural lovers were killed with lightning; the particulars of which are related in Pope's *Letters*. In 1720, he published his poems by subscription with such success, that he raised a thousand pounds; but afterwards engaging in a dangerous speculation in the South Sea scheme, he was again reduced so low, that his life was in danger. Being again restored to health, his awkwardness and simplicity exposed him to the laugh of the town, on account of his falling down and overturning a screen, when sent for to read the play of the *Captives* before the princess of Wales and her attendants. In 1726, he wrote *Fables* for the young duke of Cumberland. In 1727, having refused the offer of being made gentleman usher to the princess Louisa, all the interest of his friends to move the court in his favour after this proved unavailing.—All the pain, however, which he suffered from the neglect of the court is supposed to have been driven away by the unexampled success of the *Beggars' Opera*. Besides being acted in London sixty-three days without interruption, and renewed the next season with equal applause, it spread into all the great towns of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. Ladies' fans, and the screens in the houses, bore the favorite songs of this opera, and even the person who performed Polly was raised from obscurity. Gay, too much elated by this success, produced a second part, under the title of *Polly*; but this the lord Chamberlain very properly refused to licence: but for this hardship he found a recompense in the affectionate attention of the duke and duchess of Queensberry, into whose house he was taken. He died of a violent fit of the cholick, in December 1732, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where his generous patrons erected a monument to his memory.



HOGARTH.

THIS truly original genius, our unrivalled comic painter, was a native of the city of London, and born in 1697. After a tolerable education by his father, who kept a school in Ship-court, in the Old Bailey, he was apprenticed to an engraver of arms and cyphers on plate, usually called a silver engraver; but the powerful impulse of genius directed his studies to painting.

Much of his early life was passed in obscurity. He chiefly employed his talents in designing and engraving for the booksellers, who were then much worse patrons of the arts than they have since proved. His originality, in the mean time, was maturing to perfection. He pursued Nature through her infinity; and contemplated her, not through the optics of imitation, but with his own sedulous and critical eye. On beholding a remarkable countenance, or witnessing any striking occurrence, he was accustomed, by the instant use of his pencil, to preserve its remembrance; sometimes even on his nails.

In 1730, he married the only daughter of Sir James Thornhill. This union was, indeed, a stolen one. But the growing reputation of Hogarth at length effected a reconciliation with his father-in-law; and his *Harlot's Progress*, published in 1731, announced to the public the rich acquisition of a Comic Painter. His merit now became conspicuous; and his pencil acquired, at every exertion, additional reputation. His *Marriage A-la-mode*, produced in 1743, gave rise to the celebrated comedy of the *Clandestine Marriage*. In 1753, he published his *Analysis of Beauty*. In this work he proves, by a variety of examples, that "a curve is the line of beauty, and that round swelling figures are most pleasing to the eye." An opinion confirmed by subsequent writers.

The close of his life was embittered by a satirical contention with Churchill and Mr. Wilkes. Hogarth caricatured Churchill, and Churchill lampooned Hogarth. "Never," says Lord Orford, "did two angry men, of their abilities, throw mud with less dexterity." Both, it may be added, were much nearer their end than, probably, either of them imagined. Churchill, it is true, in his poem of *Independence*, published the last week of September, 1764, with scarcely justifiable severity of sarcasm, thus announces the departed genius of his antagonist—

*"Hogarth would draw him, envy must allow,
Even to the life, was Hogarth living now."*

He knew, however, that Hogarth, though his health was visibly in a declining state, had recently given proofs of a still vigorous genius.

On the 25th of October, 1764, Hogarth came, in a very weak condition, but remarkably cheerful, from his house at Chiswick, to that in Leicester Fields; and, receiving an agreeable letter from Dr. Franklin, wrote a rough copy of his answer: but, on going to bed, was seized with a sudden sickness, rung his bell with a violence which broke it, and died in about two hours. He was interred at Chiswick, where there is a monument erected to his memory, with an epitaph written by his friend Garrick. It is remarkable, that Churchill, in all probability, never heard of his decease; having himself expired, in France, a few days after, November 5, 1764.

Hogarth has the glory of forming a school, and the master remains unrivalled by his scholars. He paints to the understanding, and the heart; and his pictures may serve as annals of the manners of the age. He is, in painting, what Fielding is in romance, or Moliere in comedy.

The above portrait is copied from a very scarce print, engraved by Hogarth himself; the original, when it can be met with, usually sells for three guineas.

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Published by Harrison at Jan. 1790.

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

THIS illustrious Italian painter, and universal genius, was born at the castle of Vinci, near the city of Florence, in 1445. He was placed under Andrea Verrochio, a celebrated painter at Florence, whom he soon greatly excelled. There is, indeed, scarcely any art, science, or even accomplishment, of which he is not said to have been a compleat master. His fame overspread Italy; and Lewis Sforza, Duke of Milan, inviting him to his court, and appointing him director of the Academy for Architecture, then just established, Leonardo banished all the old Gothick fashions, and reduced every thing to the chaste simplicity of the Greeks and Romans. He also formed that wonderful canal, 200 miles in length, which conducts the waters of the Adda to the walls of Milan. The wars of Italy, in which the Duke was defeated, and carried prisoner to France, obliged Leonardo to quit Milan, and retire to Florence, where he flourished under the patronage of the Medici. In 1503, he was elected, by a publick decree, to paint the grand council-chamber of the Florentines, in which Michael Angelo assisted him. After remaining many years at Florence, he visited Rome; but, finding Leo X. partial to Michael Angelo, he accepted an invitation from Francis I. and removed into France. He was now grown old; and, having become very infirm, in the year 1520, he languished many months at Fontainebleau. The king frequently visited him: and, one day, as he was raising himself up in bed, to thank his majesty for so much honour, he was seized with a fainting fit. Francis stooped to support him, and he expired in the arms of that sovereign.

Nature has seldom been more lavish, than in the composition of this great man. He left few things unattempted, and succeeded in all that he undertook. As a painter, his chief excellence lay in giving every thing it's proper character. Though extremely diligent in the performance of his works, he was very diffident of himself; and so nice in his judgment, that he left several pieces unfinished, from a belief that his hand would never be able to reach that idea of perfection which his mind had conceived.

There are a few of his paintings in England; but most of them are at Florence, and in France. His literary works were numerous, and on several curious subjects; particularly, the Nature, Equilibrium, and Motion of Water—a Treatise on Anatomy—The Anatomy of a Horse—a Treatise of Perspective—a Treatise of Light and Shadows—and a Treatise of the Art of Painting. This last, however, is the only work known; and was first published at Paris, by R. Du Fresnoie, in 1651, with figures by Nicholas Poussin.

Thomas Brown's *Urn-Burial*, or Fuller's *Worthies*, or John Bunyan's *Holy War*. No one is more unimpressible to a specious declamation; no one relishes a recondite beauty more. His admiration of Shakespear and Milton does not make him despise Pope; and he can read Parnell with patience, and Gay with delight. His taste in French and German literature is somewhat defective: nor has he made much progress in the science of Political Economy or other abstruse studies, though he has read vast folios of controversial divinity, merely for the sake of the intricacy of style, and to save himself the pain of thinking. Mr. Lamb is a good judge of prints and pictures. His admiration of Hogarth does credit to both, particularly when it is considered that Leonardo da Vinci is his next greatest favourite, and that his love of the *actual* does not proceed from a want of taste for the *ideal*. His worst fault is an over-sagerness of enthusiasm, which occasionally makes him take a surfeit of his highest favourites.—Mr. Lamb excels in familiar conversation almost as much as in writing, when his modesty does not overpower his self-possession. He is as little of a proser as possible; but he *blurts out* the finest wit and sense in the world. He

keeps a good deal in the back-ground at first, till some excellent conceit pushes him forward, and then he abounds in whim and pleasantry. There is a primitive simplicity and self-denial about his manners; and a Quakerism in his personal appearance, which is, however, relieved by a fine Titian head, full of dumb eloquence! Mr. Lamb is a general favourite with those who know him. His character is equally singular and amiable. He is endeared to his friends not less by his foibles than his virtues; he insures their esteem by the one, and does not wound their self-love by the other. He gains ground in the opinion of others, by making no advances in his own. We easily admire genius where the diffidence of the possessor makes our acknowledgment of merit seem like a sort of patronage, or act of condescension, as we willingly extend our good offices where they are not exacted as obligations, or repaid with sullen indifference.—The style of the Essays of Elia is liable to the charge of a certain *mannerism*. His sentences are cast in the mould of old authors; his expressions are borrowed from them; but his feelings and observations are genuine and original, taken from actual life, or from his own breast; and he may be said (if any one

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can) "to have coined his heart for *jests*," and to have split his brain for fine distinctions! Mr. Lamb, from the peculiarity of his exterior and address as an author, would probably never have made his way by detached and independent efforts; but, fortunately for himself and others, he has taken advantage of the Periodical Press, where he has been stuck into notice, and the texture of his compositions is assuredly fine enough to bear the broadest glare of popularity that has hitherto shone upon them. Mr. Lamb's literary efforts have procured him civic honours (a thing unheard of in our times), and he has been invited, in his character of ELIA, to dine at a select party with the Lord Mayor. We should prefer this distinction to that of being poet-laureat. We would recommend to Mr. Waithman's perusal (if Mr. Lamb has not anticipated us) the *Rosamond Gray* and the *John Woodvil* of the same author, as an agreeable relief to the noise of a city feast, and the heat of city elections. A friend, a short time ago, quoted some lines* from the last-mentioned of these works, which

* The description of sports in the forest :

" To see the sun to bed and to arise,
Like some hot amourist with glowing eyes," &c.

meeting Mr. Godwin's eye, he was so struck with the beauty of the passage, and with a consciousness of having seen it before, that he was uneasy till he could recollect where, and after hunting in vain for it in Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and other not unlikely places, sent to Mr. Lamb to know if he could help him to the author!

Mr. Washington Irvine's acquaintance with English literature begins almost where Mr. Lamb's ends, — with the *Spectator*, Tom Brown's works, and the wits of Queen Anne. He is not bottomed in our elder writers, nor do we think he has tasked his own faculties much, at least on English ground. Of the merit of his *Knicker-bocker*, and New York stories, we cannot pretend to judge. But in his *Sketch-book* and *Bracebridge-Hall* he gives us very good American copies of our British Essayists and Novelists, which may be very well on the other side of the water, and as proofs of the capabilities of the national genius, but which might be dispensed with here, where we have to boast of the originals. Not only Mr. Irvine's language is with great taste and felicity modelled on that of Addison, Sterne, Goldsmith, or Mackenzie; but the thoughts and sentiments are taken at the re-



Engraved by E. Sartori.

BEN JONSON.

From a Picture in the possession of J. G. Wright.

Under the Superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

Published by W. S. G. & Co. London.

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BEAUMONT.

THIS pleasing dramatist, FRANCIS BEAUMONT, the coadjutor of Fletcher, and cotemporary with Jonson, was descended from an antient family at Grace Dieu, in Leicestershire, which was also the place of his birth. His grandfather, John Beaumont, was Master of the Rolls; and his father, Francis, one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas in the reign of Elizabeth. His elder brother, Sir John Beaumont, after having followed the profession of the law for some time, retired from it, upon his marriage with a lady of considerable fortune: he then became no inconsiderable versifier, as appears from some lines in praise of his poems by Ben Jonson. Beaumont, the dramatist, was educated at Cambridge, and removed thence to the inner Temple; but his poetic genius prevailing, he also quitted his legal studies; and to the plays, written jointly by him and Fletcher, fifty-three in number, it is supposed that he stood indebted for his subsistence during a life probably spent in gaiety and dissipation, which terminated before he had fully completed his thirtieth year: this occurred in March 1615. He left one daughter, Frances Beaumont, who died in Leicestershire, in 1700. This lady had in her possession several poems composed by her father; but they were lost at sea in her passage from Ireland, where she had lived for some time in the Duke of Ormond's family.

Besides the plays, above noticed, he wrote a little dramatic piece, entitled, "A Masque of Gray's-Inn Gentlemen," and other poems, printed together in 1653, in 8vo. He was esteemed so good a judge of dramatic compositions, that even the haughty Jonson submitted his writings to his correction, and it is thought was much indebted to him for the contrivance of his plots. The esteem which Jonson felt for Beaumont has been inferred, from the following lines:

"How do I love thee, Beaumont, and thy Muse.
That unto me dost such religion use!
How do I fear myself, that am not worth
The least indulgent thought thy pen drops forth.
At once thou mak'st me happy and unmakest,
And, giving largely to me, more than tak'st.
What fate is mine that so itself berceaves!
What art is thine that so thy friend deceives!
When even there, where most thou praisest me
For writing better, I must envy thee!"

Beaumont lies buried in the entrance of St. Benedict's Chapel, in Westminster Abbey. No epitaph is inscribed on his tomb, but two have been written. One of these is by his eldest brother, Sir John Beaumont; the other, by Bishop Corbet. They are preserved in their respective works, but have little to recommend.

The plays in which Beaumont was jointly concerned with Fletcher were so popular, that for a long time they almost engrossed the stage. Dryden affirms, that in his time two of theirs were acted for one of Shakspeare's or Jonson's: their plots are more regular than Shakspeare's; their comedies are gay, and imitated the language of genteel life at that time better than Jonson's. Their tragedies have many poetical beauties and striking incidents and characters. Most of the plays of this dramatic pair run into luxuriance, and require pruning; the language also is sometimes such, that no decent audience would tolerate at this time. Several dramatic authors have made very free use of hints taken from these authors. Several of their plays were published during their lives, and editions of them have since been given in a collective form. Of these, one in ten volumes octavo, corrected by the united labours of Theobald, Symonds, and Seward, appeared in 1751; and another also in ten volumes, but much more correct, was published by Colman, in 1778.

Sham
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reprinted for Townsend's Alphabetical Chronology

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ANNE.

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STERNE.

This eccentric genius, **LAWRENCE**, son of Roger **STERNE**, a lieutenant in the army, was born, November 24, 1713, at Clonmell in Ireland. He came to England, with his parents, very young; and went to Elvington, near York, where his father's mother resided: but, in less than a year, they returned to Ireland; and continued moving, with the regiment, till he was placed at a school near Halifax, in Yorkshire. While there, in 1731, he lost his father; but found a parent in his uncle, Dr. Sterne, prebendary of York, who sent him to the university of Cambridge. It was through the interest of this uncle, that he obtained the living of Sutton, in Yorkshire, and also became a prebendary of York. With his patron, however, he at length quarrelled, because he wanted him to be a party writer.

He had married, in 1741; and, having obtained the living of Stillington, by means of his wife, now passed his time in performing the duties of both parishes, and amusing himself with books, painting, fiddling, and shooting!

We know not of any of his literary works, till 1759; when he visited London, purposely to publish the two first volumes of *Tristram Shandy*, which immediately became popular. His residence, for above twenty years, had been chiefly at Sutton; but, in 1760, he took a house at York. He was also, this year, presented, by lord Falconbridge, to the curacy of Coxwold. The succeeding seven volumes of this singular romance were not less favourably received; and he was universally recognized as a genuine disciple of Rabelais: equally whimsical, equally facetious; and, it is to be regretted, equally incomprehensible, and equally indelicate.

In 1762, the victim of a pulmonary complaint, too frequently the attendant of excessive vivacity in a delicate constitution, he travelled through France; and received, from the most distinguished characters, every mark of admiration and respect. At Toulouse he proposed residing, with his family, for the recovery of his health. He rambled, however, to Montpellier; from thence to Paris; and, in 1764, returned to England.

In 1765, he sought the balsamic air of Italy, to invigorate his debilitated frame. On his return, he gave the world the fruits of his peregrinations, in what he has whimsically denominated, *Yorick's Sentimental Journey through France and Italy*. His Sermons, though excellent as well as elegant moral discourses, partake of the characteristic oddity of this singular genius, and were published under the assumed name of Yorick. But while his literary reputation daily increased, his health was now rapidly declining; and he died in London, March 18, 1768. He was buried in the new ground belonging to the parish of St. George, Hanover square; and it has been asserted, that his corpse actually became a prey to the surgeons. The following lines were written by his friend, Garrick, on the want of a grave stone to mark the spot of his interment.

"Shall pride a heap of sculptured marble raise,
Some worthless, unmourned, titled fool, to praise;
And shall we not, by one poor grave stone learn,
Where genius, wit, and humour, sleep with Sterne!"

Yorick's letters to Eliza were published after his decease, by his daughter, Mrs. Medalle.

The writings of Sterne are replete with the warmest sentiments of philanthropy; and their originality is of the most entertaining kind. But it must be confessed, that they are productive of pernicious effects; and are "sullied," to use the expression of Mr. Knox, "by many faults and many follies."

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Published by Harrison & Co. March 2. 1791.

DR. GOLDSMITH.

OUR sister kingdom has the honour of having given birth to this charming poet; who was born, in 1729, at Roscommon in Ireland. Oliver Goldsmith, the third son of four, being intended by his father for the church, was sent to Trinity College, Dublin; where, in 1749, he obtained the degree of Batchelor of Arts. Having afterwards turned his thoughts to physick, he went, in 1751, to Edinburgh; and, indiscreetly becoming surety for a fellow-student, was soon under the necessity of quitting Scotland. He now passed over to Rotterdam; and from thence proceeded to Strasburgh and Louvain. From this last place, where he became a Batchelor of Medicine, he accompanied an English gentleman to Geneva. For a considerable time, having little or no money in his pocket, he wandered about the continent, chiefly on foot. He had some knowledge of the French language, and played tolerably well on the German-flute; and he is said to have owed much of his subsistence to the good-will with which his musick inspired the peasants during these humble peregrinations. A stranger who had seen this forlorn minstrel, would have but little suspected that he possessed a mind capable of those noble conceptions which are so abundantly manifested in his exquisite poem of the Traveller; the first sketch of which was transmitted, at this time, from Switzerland, to his brother, a clergyman in Ireland.

After suffering many hardships, Goldsmith at length reached England, in 1758; and, on his arrival in London, applied to several apothecaries for employment in their shops: but his broad Irish accent, and uncouth appearance, only exposed him to ridicule; till a chemist in the city, compassionating his forlorn condition, took him into the laboratory. In this situation he was found by an old friend, who recommended him as an able assistant at an academy near town; and, by degrees, the honest simplicity of his character, and the merit of his productions, attracted general notice.

He is said to have been an early writer in the Monthly Review; and his Citizen of the World first appeared in the Publick Ledger, under the Title of Chinese Letters.

Goldsmith now became an author by profession; and his Traveller, Vicar of Wakefield, Good Natured Man, Deserted Village, She Stoops to Conquer, and various other productions, rendered him a very popular writer. But, though he profited considerably, by his numerous works, he was frequently much embarrassed.

A nervous fever, for which he is said to have improperly taken Dr. James's celebrated Powder, put a period to his life, April 4, 1774.

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Edw. Walton Scrinin

S. Freeman

HENRY MACKINTOSH.

FROM HIS ORIGINAL IN THE COLLECTION OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

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ADDISON.

IF English verse is indebted to Pope for its first perfection, English prose is under no less obligation to ADDISON. He was born, May 1672, at Milston, in Wiltshire, where his father, the Reverend Lancelot Addison, a very learned man, afterwards Dean of Lichfield, was at that time rector. He seemed so little likely to live, that he was baptized, and even laid out for dead, the day of his birth.

The first rudiments of his education were received at his native place, at Salisbury, and at Lichfield; from which last school, he was sent to the Charter-house, where his intimacy commenced with Sir Richard Steele. He early acquired a masterly knowledge of classical literature; and distinguished himself at Oxford, where he was admitted in 1687, by his fine compositions in Latin verse. But he was twenty-two years of age before he published any English performance; several poetical pieces then gained him much reputation.

Having obtained the patronage of Sir John Somers, and a pension of 300*l.* a year, that he might be enabled to travel, he made the tour of Italy; and, inspired by the classic genius of the land, wrote his celebrated Epistle to Lord Halifax.

In 1703, he returned home, poor and dejected. His future prospects were not now favourable; for his friends were out of power, and his pension had ceased on the death of King William. Solicited to celebrate in verse the splendid victories of Marlborough, he produced his Campaign; and was immediately appointed a commissioner of appeals.

In 1709, he became secretary to the Marquis of Wharton, then lord lieutenant of Ireland; and, during his residence in that kingdom, assisted his friend Steele, the author of the *Tatler*, with several pieces distinguished for their superior merit. The town was enchanted by these concise and elegant essays; which were alike admitted to the tables of coffee-houses, and the toilettes of the fair. The *Spectator*, which soon followed, was received with an ardour honourable to the national taste. This work was succeeded by the *Guardian*, and other periodical essays; in which the politics as well as the genius of Addison prompted him to engage. They were all equally characterized by a felicity of composition, which united to exquisite humour the graces of fine writing.

In 1713, appeared his famous tragedy of *Cato*, which was long gazed on as a dramatic miracle. It is not one of its inferior applauses, that it has been translated into various languages, by the most eminent writers.

In 1716, he married the Countess Dowager of Warwick; but the union was more splendid than happy. It has been remarked, that Addison left behind him no encouragement for ambitious love.

In 1717, he was appointed one of the secretaries of state to George I. But the duties of this situation being uncongenial to his accustomed habits, he solicited his dismission. On the 17th of June, 1719, feeling his dissolution near, and desirous that a scene so awful might have its due effect, he requested to see his son in law, Lord Warwick; and forcibly grasping the youth's hand, softly said—"See how a Christian can die!" This was with difficulty uttered: and, shortly after, he expired; leaving his only child, Charlotte, born the preceding year. He died at Holland House, near Kensington; and, after laying in state, in the Jerusalem Chamber, was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Addison, as a poet, does not now attract notice. As a writer of familiar essays, which combine a knowledge of mankind with a humour truly original; a critical power, which if not profound is pleasing; and a facility of imagination, which is the most evident mark of genius; our author will be regarded as inimitable.

bound, and as they are brought forward at the present period, want both freshness and probability. Mr. Irvine's writings are literary *anachronisms*. He comes to England for the first time; and being on the spot, fancies himself in the midst of those characters and manners which he had read of in the Spectator and other approved authors, and which were the only idea he had hitherto formed of the parent country. Instead of looking round to see what *we are*, he sets to work to describe us as *we were*—at second hand. He has Parson Adams, or Sir Roger de Coverley in his "*mind's eye*," and he makes a village curate, or a country squire in Yorkshire or Hampshire sit to these admired models for their portraits in the beginning of the nineteenth century. Whatever the ingenious author has been most delighted with in the representations of books, he transfers to his port-folio, and swears that he has found it actually existing in the course of his observation and travels through Great Britain. Instead of tracing the changes that have taken place in society since Addison or Fielding wrote, he transcribes their account in a different hand-writing, and thus keeps us stationary, at least in our most attractive and praise-worthy qualities of simplicity, honesty, hospitality,

modesty, and good-nature. This is a very flattering mode of turning fiction into history, or history into fiction; and we should scarcely know ourselves again in the softened and altered likeness, but that it bears the date of 1820, and issues from the press in Albemarle-street. This is one way of complimenting our national and Tory prejudices; and coupled with literal or exaggerated portraits of *Yankee* peculiarities, could hardly fail to please. The first Essay in the *Sketch-book*, that on National Antipathies, is the best; but after that, the sterling ore of wit or feeling is gradually spun thinner and thinner, till it fades to the shadow of a shade. Mr. Irvine is himself, we believe, a most agreeable and deserving man, and has been led into the natural and pardonable error we speak of, by the tempting bait of European popularity, in which he thought there was no more likely method of succeeding than by imitating the style of our standard authors, and giving us credit for the virtues of our forefathers.

We should not feel that we had discharged our obligations to truth or friendship, if we were to let this volume go without introducing



By G. F. Moore

JAMES FREEMAN MCKIM

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into it the name of the author of *Virginus*. This is the more proper, inasmuch as he is a character by himself, and the only poet now living that is a mere poet. If we were asked what sort of a man Mr. Knowles is, we could only say, "he is the writer of *Virginus*." His most intimate friends see nothing in him, by which they could trace the work to the author. The seeds of dramatic genius are contained and fostered in the warmth of the blood that flows in his veins; his heart dictates to his head. The most unconscious, the most unpretending, the most artless of mortals, he instinctively obeys the impulses of natural feeling, and produces a perfect work of art. He has hardly read a poem or a play or seen any thing of the world, but he hears the anxious beatings of his own heart, and makes others feel them by the force of sympathy. Ignorant alike of rules, regardless of models, he follows the steps of truth and simplicity; and strength, proportion, and delicacy are the infallible results. By thinking of nothing but his subject, he rivets the attention of the audience to it. All his dialogue tends to action, all his situations form classic groups. There is no doubt that *Virginus* is the best acting tragedy that has been produced on the modern stage. Mr.

Knowles himself was a player at one time, and this circumstance has probably enabled him to judge of the picturesque and dramatic effect of his lines, as we think it might have assisted Shakespear. There is no impertinent display, no flaunting poetry; the writer immediately conceives how a thought would tell if he had to speak it himself. Mr. Knowles is the first tragic writer of the age; in other respects he is a common man; and divides his time and his affections between his plots and his fishing-tackle, between the Muses' spring, and those mountain-streams which sparkle like his own eye, that gush out like his own voice at the sight of an old friend. We have known him almost from a child, and we must say he appears to us the same boy-poet that he ever was. He has been cradled in song, and rocked in it as in a dream, forgetful of himself and of the world!

THE END.

LONDON:

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J. Knowles

AUTHOR OF 'THE HUNCHBACK'.

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JUN 19 1974

